

Abfalom Senior:  
 O R,  
 ACHITOPHEL  
 T R A N S P R O S ' D.  
 A  
 P O E M.

*By Elkanah Settle.*

*Si Populus vult decipi, &c.*

*A poem for ye Whigs, rapping down all ye Dicks of ye other party & crying up their own particularly but underrunning them.*



L O N D O N :

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# To the TORIES.



Gentlemen, for so you all write your selves ; and indeed you are your own Heralds , and Blazon all your Coats with Honour and Loyalty for your Supporters ; nay, and you are so unconscionable too in that point, that you will allow neither of them in any other Scutcheons but your own. But who has 'em , or has 'em not , is not my present business ; onely as you profess your selves Gentlemen, to conjure you to give an Adversary fair play ; and that if any person whatsoever shall pretend to be aggrieved by this P O E M, or any part of it, that he would bear it patiently ; since the Licentiousness of the first Absalom and Achitophel has been the sole occasion of the Liberty of This, I having only taken the Measure of My Weapon , from the Length of his ; which by the Rules of Honour ought not to offend you ; especially, since the boldness of that Ingenious Piece, was wholly taken from the Encouragement you gave the Author ; and 'tis from that Boldness only that this P O E M takes its Birth : for had not his daring Pen brought that Piece into the World, I had been so far from troubling my self in any Subject on this kind, that I may justly say in one sence, the Writer of that Absalom, is the Author of this. This favour, as in Justice due, obtain'd from you , I shall not trouble you with a long Preface, like a tedious Compliment at the Door, but desire you to look in for your Entertainment. Onely I cannot forbear telling you, that one thing I am a little concern'd for you, Tories, that your Absoloms and Achitophels , and the rest of your Grimming Satyres against the Whiggs, have this one unpardonable Fault , That the Last is more against a David, than an Achitophel ; whilst the running down of the P L O T at so extravagant a rate, favours of very little less (pardon the Expression) than ridiculing of Majesty it self, and turning all those several Royal Speeches to the Parliament on that Subject, onely into those double-tongued Oracles that sounded one thing, and meant another. Besides, after this unmannerly Boldness , of not onely branding the publick Justice of the Nation, but affronting even the Throne it self, to





## The Epistle to the T O R I E S.

push the humour a little farther, you run into tentimes a greater Vice, (and in the same sin too) than what you so severely in-weigh against: and **you** **POPISH PLOT** through want of sufficient Circumstances, and credible Witnesses, miscarries with you, a **PROTESTANT PLOT** without either Evidence or Circumstance at all, goes current. Nay, you are so far now from your former niceties and scruples, and disputing about raising of Armies, and not one Commission found, that you can swallow the raising of a whole Protestant **ARMY**, without either Commission, or Commission-Officer; Nay, the very **When**, **Where**, and **How**, are no part of your Consideration. 'Tis true, the great Cry amongst you, is, The Nations Eyes are open'd; but I am afraid, in most of you, 'tis only to look where you like best: and to help your lewd Eye-sight, you have got a damnable trick of turning the Perspective upon occasion, and magnifying or diminishing at pleasure. But alas, all talking to you is but impertinent, and sending and proving signifies just nothing; for after all Arguments, both Parties are so irreconcilable, that as the Author of Absolom wisely observed, they'll be Fools or Knaves to each other to the end of the Chapter. And therefore I am so reasonable in this point, that I should be very glad to divide 'em between 'em, and give the Fool to the Tory, and the Knave to the Whigg. For the Tories that will believe no **POPISH PLOT**, may as justly come under that denomination, as They, that David tells us, laid in their Hearts there was no God. And then let the Whiggs that do believe a Popish Plot be the Knaves, for daring to endeavour to hinder the Effects of a Popish Plot, when the Tories are resolved to the contrary. But to draw near a conclusion, I have one favour more to beg of you, that you'll give me the freedom of chipping but about a score of years extraordinary on the back of my Absolom. Neither is it altogether so unpardonable a Poetical License, since we find as great slips from the Author of your **my** Absolom, where we see him bring in a Zimri into the Court of David, who in the Scripture-story dyed by the Hand of Phineas in the days of Moses. Nay, in the other extremum, we find him in another place talking of the Martyrdom of Stephen, so many Ages after. And if so famous an Author can forget his own Rules of Unity, Time, and Place, I hope you'll give a Minor Poet some grains of Allowance, and he shall ever acknowledge himself

Your Humble Servant.

A B S O L O M



# Abfalom Senior:

O R,

## ACHITOPHEL

TRANSPROS'D.

**I**N Gloomy Times, when Priestcraft bore the sway,  
 And made Heav'n's Gate a Lock to their own Key :  
 When ignorant Devotes did blindly bow ,  
 And groaping to be sav'd they knew not how :  
 Whilst this *Egyptian* darkness did orewhelm,  
 The Priest sat Pilot even at Empires Helm.  
 Then Royal Necks were yok'd, and Monarchs still  
 Hold but their Crowns at his Almighty Will.  
 And to defend this high Prerogative,  
 Falsely from Heaven he did that powr derive :  
 By a Commission forg'd i'th' hand of God,  
 Turn'd *Aarons* blooming wand, to *Moses* snaky Rod.  
 Whilst Princes little Scepters overpowr'd,  
 Made but that prey his wider Gorge devour'd.  
 Now to find Wealth might his vast pomp supply,  
 (For costly Roofs besit a Lord so high)  
 No Arts were spar'd his Luster to support,  
 But all Mines searcht t'enrich his shining Court.  
 Then Heav'n was bought, Religion but a Trade ;  
 And Temples Murder's Sanctuary made.  
 By *Phineas* Spear no bleeding *Cozbies* groan'd,  
 If *Cozbies* Gold for *Cozbies* Crimes aton'd.  
 With these wise Arts, (for Humane Policy  
 As well as Heav'nly Truth, mounts Priests so high)  
 'Twixt gentle Penance, lazy Penitence,  
 A Faith that gratifies both Soul and Sense ;  
 With easie steps to everlasting Blis,  
 He paves the rugged way to Paradise.

B

Thus





Thus almost all the Profelyte-World he drives,  
 Whilst th universal Drones buz to his Hives.  
 Implicite Faith Religion thus convey'd  
 Through little pipes to his great Channel laid,  
 Till Piety through such dark Conduits led,  
 Was poyson'd by the Spring on which it fed.  
 Here blind Obedience to a blinder Guide,  
 Nurst that Blind Zeal that rais'd the Priestly pride;  
 Whilst to make Kings the Sovereign Prelate own,  
 Their Reason been slav'd, and then their Throne.  
 The Mitre thus above the Diadem soar'd,  
 Gods humble servant He, but Mans proud Lord.  
 It was in such Church-light blind-zeal was bred,  
 By Faiths infatuating Meteor led;  
 Blind Zeal, that can even Contradictions joyn;  
 A Saint in Faith, in Life a Libertine;  
 Makes Greatness though in Luxury worn down,  
 Bigotted even to th' Hazard of a Crown;  
 Ty'd to the Girdle of a Priest so fast,  
 And yet Religious only to the waist.  
 But Constancy atoning Constancy,  
 Where that once reigns, Devotion may lye by.  
 T'espouse the Churches Cause lyes in Heav'ns road,  
 More than obeying of the Churches God.  
 And he dares fight, for Faith is more renown'd  
 A Zealot Militant, than Martyr crown'd.  
 Here the Arch-Priest to that Ambition blown,  
 Pull'd down Gods Altars, to erect his own:  
 For not content to publish Heav'ns command,  
 The Sacred Law penn'd by th' Almighty Hand,  
 And Moses-like 'twixt God and Israel go,  
 Thought Sinai's Mount a Pinnacle too low.  
 So charming sweet were Incense fragrant Fumes,  
 So pleas'd his Nostrils, till th' Aspirer comes  
 From offering, to receiving Hecatombs;  
 And ceasing to adore, to be ador'd.  
 So fell Faiths guide: so loftily he tower'd,  
 Till like th'Ambitious *Lucifer* accurst,  
 Swell'd to a God, into a Fiend he burst.

But as great *Lucifer* by falling gain'd  
 Dominion, and ever in Damnation reign'd;

And



And though from Lights blest Orb for ever driven,  
 Yet Prince o' th' Air, h' had that vast Scepter giv'n,  
 T' have Subjects far more numerous than Heav'n.  
 And thus entron'd, with an infernal spight,  
 The genuine Malice of the Realms of night,  
 The Paradise he lost blasphemes, abhors,  
 And against Heav'n proclaims Eternal Wars;  
 No Arts untry'd, no hostile steps untrod,  
 Both against Truths Adorers, and Truths God.

So Faiths faln Guide, now *Baals* great Champion raig'n'd;  
 Wide was his Sway, and Mighty his Command:  
 Whilst with implacable Revenge he burn'd,  
 And all his Rage against Gods *Israel* turn'd.  
 Here his invenom'd Souls black gall he flings,  
 Spots all his Snakes, and points his Scorpions stings:  
 Omits no Force, or Treacherous Designe,  
 Blest *Israel* to assault, or undermine.  
 But the first Sword did his keen Malice draw,  
 Was aim'd against the God-like *Deborah*.  
*Deborah*, the matchless pride of *Judah's* Crown,  
 Whose Female hand *Baal's* impious Groves cut down,  
 His banisht Wizards from her *Israel* thrust,  
 And pounded all their Idols into dust.  
 Her Life with indefatigable pain,  
 By Daggers long, and poysons sought in vain:  
 At length they angry *Jabins* Rage inflam'd,  
*Hazors* proud King, for Iron Chariots fam'd;  
 A Warriour powerful, whose most dreadful Hoast  
 Proclaim'd Invincible, (were humane Boast  
 Infallible) by haughty *Sisera* led,  
 'Gainst *Deborah* their bloody Banners spread.  
 Here *Deborah* her *Barak* calls to War;  
*Barak*, the Suns fam'd fellow-traveller,  
 Who wandring o're the Earths surrounded Frame,  
 Had travell'd far as his great Mistress Fame.  
 Here *Barak* did with *Deborah's* vengeance fly,  
 And to that swift prodigious Victory,  
 So much by Humane Praises undefin'd,  
 That Fame wants Breath, and Wonder lags behind.  
 To Heav'n's high Arch her sounding Glories rung,  
 Whilst thus great *Deborah* and *Barak* sung.

Hear





**H**ear, oh ye Princes, oh ye Kings give Ear,  
 And Israels great Avengers honour bear.  
 When God of Hosts, thon Israels Spear and Shield,  
 Wentst out of Seir, and march'dst from Edoms field,  
 Earth trembled, the Heaven's drop'd, the Clouds all pour'd;  
 The Mountains melted from before the Lord;  
 Even thy own Sinai melted into streams,  
 At Israels dazzling Gods refulgent Beams.  
 In Shamgar and in Jael's former days,  
 The wandring Traveller walk'd through by-ways.  
 They chose new Gods. No Spear nor Sword was found,  
 To have Idolatry depos'd, Truth Crown'd:  
 Till I alone, against Jehovahs Foes;  
 I Deborah, I Israels Mother rose.  
 Wake Deborah, wake, raise thy exalted Head;  
 Rise Barak, and Captivity Captive lead.  
 For to blest Deborah, below'd of Heav'n,  
 Over the Mighty is Dominion given.  
 Great Barak leads, and Israels Courage warms;  
 Ephraim and Benjamin march down in Arms:  
 Zebulon and Nepthali my Thunder bore,  
 Dan from her Ships and Asher on the Shore.  
 Behold Megiddoes waves, and from afar,  
 See the fierce Jabins threatening storm of War.  
 But Heav'n gainst Sisera fought, and the kind Stars  
 Rank'd ~~themselves~~ their embattel'd Fires for Deborah's Wars,  
 Shot down their Vengeance that miraculous day,  
 When Kishons Torrents swept their Hosts away.  
 But curse ye Meroz, curse 'em from on high,  
 Did the denouncing voice of Angels cry;  
 Accurst be they that went not out to oppose  
 The Mighty Deborah's, God's, and Israel's Foes.  
 Victorious Judah! Oh my Soul, th' hast trod,  
 Trod down their strengths. So fall the Foes of God.  
 But they who in his Sacred Laws delight,  
 Be as the Sun when he sets out in might.

Thus sung, the conquer'd Deborah; thus fell  
 Hers, and Heav'n's Foes. But no Defeat tames Hell.  
 By Conquest overthrown, but not dismay'd,  
 'Gainst Israel still their private Engines play'd

And

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And their dire Ma chinations to fulfil,  
 Their stings torn out, they kept their poyson still.  
 And now too weak in open force to joyn,  
 In close Cabals they hatcht a damn'd Design,  
 To light that Mine as should the world amaze,  
 And set the ruin'd *Israel* in a blaze.

When *Judah's* Monarch with his Princes round, *King James in*  
 Amidst his glorious Sanedrim fate Crown'd, *Parliamt.*  
 Beneath his Throne a Cavern low, and dark  
 As their black Souls, for the great Work they mark.  
 In this lone Cell their Midnight-Hands bestow'd  
 A *Stygian* Compound, a combustive load *ye Gargoyls plot in*  
 Of Mixture wondrous, Execution dire, *his mind.*  
 Ready the Touch of their Infernal Fire.  
 Have you not seen in yon æthereal Road,  
 How at the Rage of th'angry driving God,  
 Beneath the pressure of his furious wheels  
 The Heav'ns all rattle, and the Globe all reels?  
 So does this Thunder's Ape its lightning play,  
 Keen as Heav'ns Fires, and scarce less swift than they.  
 A short-liv'd glaring Murderer it flies,  
 In Times least pulse, a Moments wing'd surprize ;  
 'Tis born, looks big, talks lowd, breaths death, and dies. }  
 This Mixture was th'Invention of a Priest ;  
 The Sulphurous Ingredients all the best  
 Of Hells own growth : for to dire Compounds still  
 Hell finds the Minerals, and the Priest the Skill.

From this curst Mine they had that blow decreed,  
 A Moments dismal blast, as should exceed  
 All the Storms, Battles, Murders, Massacres,  
 And all the strokes of Daggers, Swords, or Spears,  
 Since first *Cain's* hand at *Abels* Head was lift :  
 A Blow more swift than Pestilence, more swift  
 Than ever a destroying Angel rod,  
 To pour the Vial of an angry God.

The Train was laid, the very Signal giv'n ;  
 But here th'all-seeing, *Israels* Guardian, Heav'n  
 Could hold no longer ; and to stop their way,  
 With a kind Beam from th'Empyrzan Day,

C

Disclosed



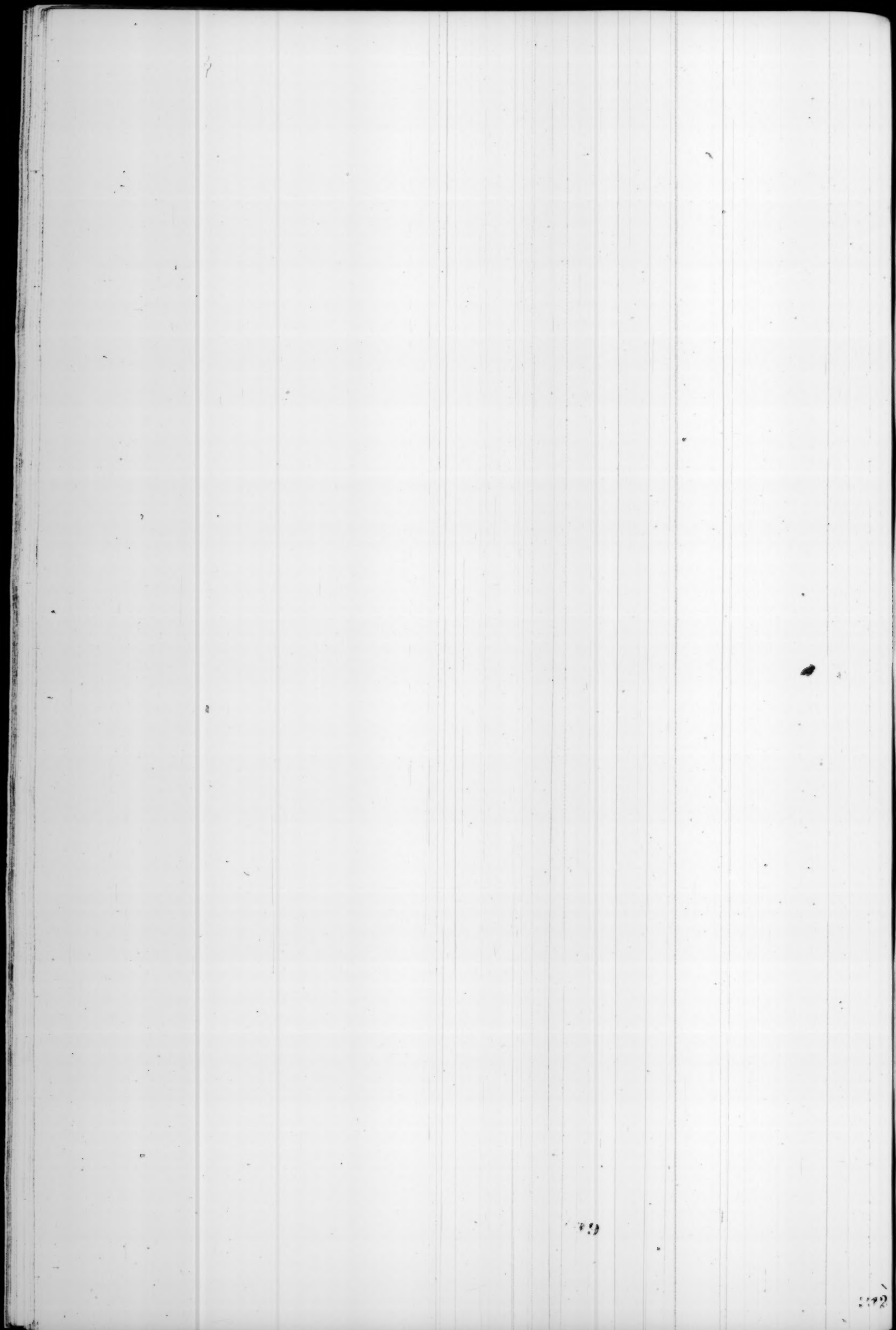


Disclos'd their hammering Thunder at the Forge ;  
And made their Cyclops Cave their Bolts disgorge.

Discover'd thus, thus lost, betray'd, undone,  
Yet still untir'd, the Restless Cause goes on ;  
And to retrieve a yet auspicious day,  
A glowing spark even in their Ashes lay,  
Which thus burst out in flames. In *Geshur* Land, *Ireland*.  
The utmost Bound of *Israels* Command,  
Where *Judah's* planted Faith but slowly grew,  
A Brutal Race that *Israels* God n'er knew:  
A Nation by the Conquerors Mercy grac'd,  
Their Gods preserv'd, and Temples undefac'd ;  
Yet not content with all the Sweets of Peace,  
Free their Estates, and free their Consciences ;  
'Gainst *Israel* those confederate Swords they drew, *maketh in 41*  
Which with that vast Assassination slew  
Two hundred thousand Butcher'd Victims shar'd  
One common doom : No Sex nor Age was spar'd :  
Not kneeling Beauties Tears, not Virgins Cries,  
Nor Infants Smiles : No prey so small but dies.  
Alas, the hard-mouth'd Blood-hound, Zeal, bites through ;  
Religion hunts, and hungry Jaws pursue.  
To what strange Rage is Superstition driven,  
That Man can outdo Hell to fight for Heav'n !  
So Rebel *Geshur* fought : so drown'd in gore,  
Even Mother Earth blusht at the Sons she bore ;  
And still asham'd of her old staining Brand,  
Her Head shrinks down and Quagmires half their Land.  
Yet not this blow *Baals* Empire could enlarge  
For *Israel* still was Heav'n's peculiar charge :  
Unshaken still in all this Scene of Blood,  
Truths Temple firm on Golden Columns stood.  
Whilst *Sauls* Revenging Arm proud *Geshur* scourg'd,  
From their rank soyl their *Hydra's* poyson purg'd.

Yet does not here their vanquish'd spleen give o're,  
But as untir'd, and restless as before,  
Still through whole waiting Ages they outdo  
At once the Chimists pains and patience too.  
Who though he sees his bursting Limbecks crack,  
And at one blast, one fatal Minutes wrack,

The



The forward Hopes of sweating years expire ;  
 With sad, yet painful hand new lights his Fire :  
 Pale, lean, and wan, does Health, Wealth, all consume ;  
 Yet for the great Elixir still to come,  
 Toyls and hopes on. No less their Plottings cease ;  
 So hope, so toyl, the foes of *Israels* peace.

When lo, a long expected day appears,  
 Sought for above a hundred rowling years ;  
 A day i'th' register of Doom set down,  
 Presents ~~him~~ with an Heir of *Israels* Crown. *Sale of goods*  
 Here their vast hopes of the rich *Israels* spoils, *paper 2.*  
 Requires the pains of their long Ages Toyls.  
*Baals* Banners now i'th' face of day shall march, *paper 1.*  
 With Heav'n's bright Roof for his Triumphal Arch.  
 His lurking Missioners shall now no more  
 From Foreign Schools in borrow'd shapes come o're ;  
 Convert by Moon-light, and their Mysttick Rites  
 Preach to ~~the~~ Female half-Soul'd Profelytes.  
 An all-commanding Dragon now shall soar,  
 Where the poor Serpents onely crawl'd before.  
*Baals* Restoration, that most blest Design,  
 Now the great work of Majesty, shall shine,  
 Made by his consecrating hand Divine. }  
 He shall new plant their Groves with each blest Tree,  
 Agraft of an Imperial Nursery.  
 In the kind Air of this new *Eden* blest,  
 Percht on each bough, and Palaces their nest ;  
 No more by frightening Laws forc'd t'obscure flight,  
 And gloomy walks, like obscene Birds of Night ;  
 Their warbling Notes like *Philomel* shall sing,  
 And like the Bird of *Paradise* their wing.  
 Thus *Israels* Heir their raviisht Souls all fired ;  
 For all things to their ardent hopes conspired.

His very youth a Bigot Mother bred,  
 And tainted even the Milk on which he fed.  
 Him onely of her Sons design'd for *Baals*  
 Great Champion 'gainst *Jernsalem's* proud Walls ;  
 Him dipt in *Stygian* Lake, by timely craft,  
 Invulnerable made against Truths pointed shaft.

But

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But to confirm his early poyson'd Faith,  
 'Twas in the cursed Forreign Tents of *Gath*,  
 'Twas there that he was lost. There *Absolon* *Duke of York*  
 By *David's* fatal Banishment undone, *King Charles 2<sup>d</sup>*  
 Saw their false Gods till in their Fires he burn'd,  
 Truths Manna, for *Egyptian* Fleshpots, scorn'd.  
 Not *David* so; for he Faiths Champion Lord,  
 Their Altars loath'd, and prophane Rites abhor'd :  
 Whilst his firm Soul on wings of *Cherubs* rod,  
 And run'd his Lyre to nought but *Abrahams* God.  
 Thus the gay *Israel* her long Tears quite dry'd, *ye Return of y<sup>e</sup>*  
 Her restor'd *David* met in all her Pride; *King David*  
 Three Brothers saw by Miracle brought back, *ye & Glau<sup>ry</sup>*  
 Like *Noah's* Sons sav'd from the worlds great wrack;  
 An unbelieving *Ham* graced on each hand,  
 'Twixt God-like *Shem*, and pious *Japhet* stand.

'Tis true, when *David*, all his storms blown o're,  
 Wafted by Prodigies to *Jordans* shore, *Richard.*  
 (So swift a Revolution, yet so calm)  
 Had cur'd an Ages wounds with one days Balm;  
 Here the returning *Absolon* his vows  
 With *Israel* joyns, and at their Altars bows.  
 Perhaps surpriz'd at such strange blessings shew'd,  
 Such wonders shewn both t'*Israels* Faith, and Lord,  
 His Restoration-Miracle he thought  
 Could by no less than *Israels* God be wrought.  
 Whilst the enlightned *Absolon* thus kneels,  
 Thus dancing to the sound of *Aarons* Bells,  
 What dazling Rays did *Israels* Heir adorn,  
 So bright his Sun in his unclouded Morn!  
 'Twas then his leading hand in Battle drew  
 That Sword that *David's* fam'd ten thousand slew:  
*David's* the Cause, but *Absolons* the Arm.  
 Then he could win all Hearts, all Tongues could charm:  
 Whilst with his praise the ecchoing plains all rung,  
 A thousand Timbrels play'd, a thousand Virgins sung;  
 And in the zeal of every jocund Soul,  
*Absolons* Health with *David's* crown'd one Bowl.

Had he fixt here, yes, Fate, had he fixt here,  
 To Man so Sacred, and to Heav'n so dear,

What

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What could he want that Hands, Hearts, Lives could pay,  
 Or Tributary Worlds beneath his feet could lay ?  
 What Knees, what Necks to mount him to his Throne ;  
 What Gems, what Stars to sparkle in his Crown ?  
 So pleas'd, so charm'd, had *Israels* Genius smil'd.  
 But oh, Ye Pow'rs, by treacherous snakes beguil'd, *Drake yerk.  
turning papist*  
 Into a more than *Adams* Curse he run,  
 Tasting that Fruit has *Israels* World undone.  
 Nay, wretched even below his falling state,  
 Wants *Adams* Eyes to see his *Adams* Fate.  
 In vain was *Davids* Harp and *Israels* Quire ;  
 For his Conversion all in vain conspire :  
 For though their influence a while retires,  
 His own false Planets were th'Ascendant Fires.  
 Heav'n had no lasting Miracle design'd ;  
 It did a while his fatal Torrent bind.  
 As *Joshua's* Wand did *Jordan's* streams divide,  
 And rang'd the watry Mountains on each side.  
 But when the marching *Israel* once got o're,  
 Down crack the Chrystal Walls ; the Billows pou'r ;  
 And in their old impetuous Channel roar. }

At this last stroke thus totally o'rethrown,  
 Apostasie now seal'd him all her own.  
 Here ope'd that gaping Breach, that fatal door,  
 Which now let in a thousand Ruines more.  
 All the bright Virtues, and each dazling Grace,  
 Which his rich Veins drew from a God-like Race ;  
 The Mercy, and the Clemency Divine,  
 Those Sacred Beams which in mild *David* shine ;  
 Those Royal Sparks, his Native Seeds of Light,  
 Were all put out, and left a Starless Night.  
 A long farewell to all that's Great and Brave :  
 Not Cataracts more headstrong ; as the Grave  
 Inexorable ; Sullen and Untun'd  
 As Pride depos'd ; scarce *Lucifer* dethron'd  
 More Unforgiving ; his enchanted Soul  
 Had drank so deep of the bewitching Bowl,  
 Till he whose hand, with *Judahs* Standart, bore  
 Her Martial Thunder to the *Tyrian* shore,  
 Arm'd in her Wars, and in her Laurels crown'd ;  
 Now, all forgotten, at one stagg'ring wound,

D

Falling



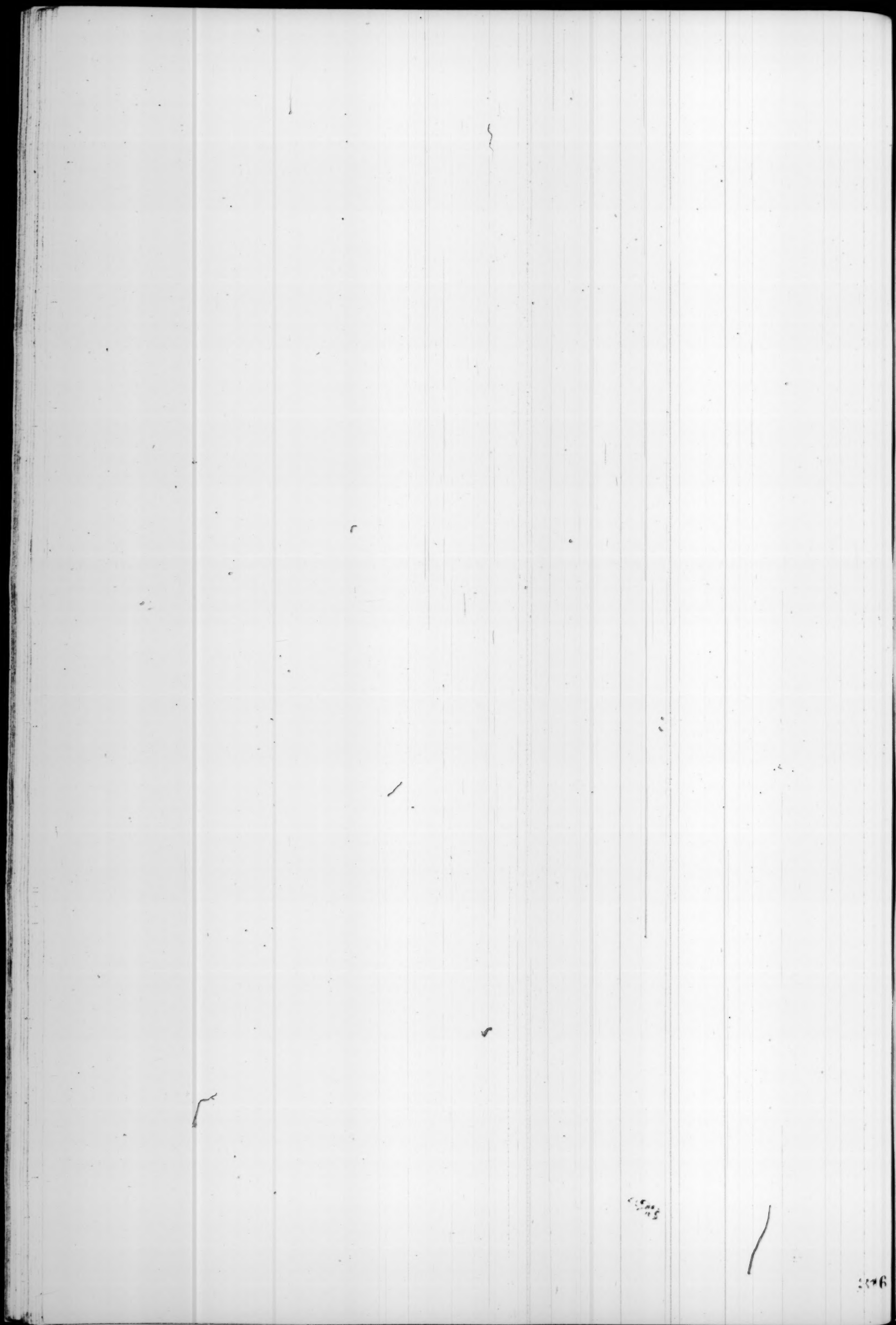


Falling from *Israels* Faith ; from *Israels* Cause,  
 Peace, Honour, Int'rest, all at once withdraws :  
 Nor is he deaf t' *Kingdoms* Groans alone,  
 But could behold ev' *Dauids* shaking Throne ;  
*David*, whose Bounty rais'd his glittering Pride,  
 The Basis of his Glories Pyramide.  
 But Duty, Gratitude, all ruin'd fall :  
 Zeal blazes, and Oblivion swallows all.  
 So *Sodom* did both burnt and drown'd expire ;  
 A poyson'd Lake succeeds a Pile of Fire.

On this Foundation *Baals* last Hope was built,  
 The sure Retreat for all their Sallying Guilt :  
 A Royal Harbour, where the rowling Pride  
 Of *Israels* Foes might safe at Anchor ride ;  
 Defie all Dangers, and even Tempests scorn,  
 Though *Judahs* God should Thunder in the Storm.

Here *Israels* Laws, the dull Levitick Rolls,  
 At once a clog to Empire, and to Souls,  
 Are the fir<sup>st</sup> Martyrs to the Fire they doom,  
 To make great *Baals* Triumphant Legends room.  
 But ere their hands this glorious work can Crown,  
 Their long-known Foe the Sanedrin must down ; *Prophets.*  
 Sanedrins the Free-born *Israels* Sacred Right,  
 That God-like Ballance of Imperial Might ;  
 Where Subjects are from Tyrant-Lords set free,  
 From that wild Thing unbounded man would be ;  
 Where Pow'r and Clemency are poy's'd so even,  
 A Constitution that resembles Heav'n.  
 So in th'united great THREE - ONE we find  
 A Saving with a Dooming Godhead joyn'd.  
 (But why, oh why ! if such restraining pow'r  
 Can bind Omnipotence, should Kings wish more ?)  
 A Constitution so Divinely mixt,  
 Not Natures bounded Elements more fixt.  
 Thus Earths vast Frame with firm and solid ground, }  
 Stands in a foaming Ocean circled round ; }  
 Yet This not overflowing, That not drown'd.  
 But to rebuild their Altars, and enstal  
 Their Moulten Gods, the Sanedrin must fall ;

That



That Constellation of the Jewish Pow'r,  
 All blotted from its Orb must shine no more ;  
 Or stamp't in *Pharaohs* darling Mould, must quit  
 Their Native Beams, for a new-model'd Light ;  
 Like *Egypt's* Sanedrins, their influence gone,  
 Flash but like empty Meteors round the Throne ;  
 That that new Lord may *Judahs* Scepter weild,  
 To whom th'old Brickill Taskmasters must yield ;  
 Who, to erect new Temples for his Gods,  
 Shall th'enslav'd *Israel* drive with Iron Rods ;  
 If they want Bricks for his new Walls t'aspire,  
 To their sad cost, he'll find 'em Straw and Fire.

All this effect, and their new Fabrick build;  
 Both close Cabals and Forreign Leagues are held :  
 To *Babylon* and *Egypt* they send o're, *Rome & France?*  
 And both their Conduct and their Gold implore.  
 By such Abettors the sly Game was plaid ; *Cardinall*  
 One of their Chiefs a Jewish Renegade, *John of Norfolk. b. 1642*  
 High-born in *Israel*, one *Michals* Priest, *Judas*  
 But now in *Babylons* proud Scarlet drest.  
 'Tis to his Hands the Plotting Mandats come  
 Subscrib'd by the Apostate *Abfolom*.  
 Nay, and to keep themselves all danger-proof,  
 That none might track the *Belial* by his Hoof,  
 Their-Correspondence veil'd from prying Eyes,  
 In Hieroglyphick Figures they disguise.  
 Hush't as the Night, in which their Plots combin'd,  
 And silent as the Graves they had design'd,  
 Their Ripening Mischiefs to perfection sprung.  
 But oh ! the much-loath'd *David* lives too long.  
 Their Vultures cannot mount but from his Tomb ;  
 And with too hungry ravenous Gorges come,  
 To be by airy Expectation fed.  
 No Prey, no Spoil, before they see Him Dead.  
 Yes, Dead ; the Royal Sands too slowly pass,  
 And therefore they're resolv'd to break the Glafs :  
 And to ensure Times tardy dubious Call,  
 Decree their Daggers should his Sythe forestall.  
 For th'execrable Deed 'a Hireling Crew  
 Their Hell and They pick out ; whom to make true,

An

5



An Oath of Force so exquisite they frame,  
 Sworn in the Blood of *Israel's* Paschal Lamb.  
 If false, the Vengeance of that Sword that slew  
*Egypt's* First-born, their perjur'd Heads pursue.  
 Strong was the Oath, the Imprecation dire ;  
 And for a Viand, lest their Guilt should tire,  
 With promis'd Paradise they cheer their way ;  
 And bold's the Souldier who has Heav'n his pay.

But the ne'r-sleeping Providence that stands  
 With jealous Eyes o're Truths up-listed Hands ;  
 That still in its Lov'd *Israel* takes delight,  
 Their Cloud by Day, and Guardian Fire by Night ;  
 A Ray from out its Fiery Pillar cast, *discovery of y<sup>e</sup> Popish*  
 That overlook'd their driving *Jehu's* hast. *plot.*  
 All's ruin'd and betray'd : their own false Slaves  
 Detect the Plot, and dig their Masters Graves :  
 Not Oaths nor Bribes shall bind, when great *Jehovah* saves. }  
 The frighted *Israelites* take the Alarm,  
 Resolve the Traitors Sorceries t'uncharm :  
 Till cursing, raving, mad, and drunk with Rage,  
 In *Ammons* Blood their frantick Hands engage. *St Edmund berry*  
*Godfrey.*

Here let the Ghost of strangl'd *Amnon* come,  
 A Specter that will strike Amazement dumb ;  
*Amnon* the Proto-Martyr of the Plot,  
 The Murder'd *Amnon*, their Eternal Blot ;  
 Whose too bold zeal stood like a *Pharos* Light,  
*Israel* to warn, and track their Deeds of Night.  
 Till the sly Foe his unseen Game to play,  
 Put out the Beacon to secure his way.  
*Baals* Cabinet-Intrigues he open spread,  
 The Ravisht *Tamar* for whose sake he bled.  
 T'unveil their Temple and expose their Gods,  
 Deserv'd their vengeance severest Rods :  
 Wrath he deserv'd, and had the Vial full.  
 To lay those Devils had possess'd his Soul,  
 His silenc'd Fiends from his wrung Neck they twist ;  
 Whilst his kind Murd'rer's but his Exorcist.  
 Here draw, bold Painter, (if thy Pencil dare  
 Unshaking write, what *Israel* quak'd to hear.)

21

A Royal Altar pregnant with a Load  
 Of Humane Bones beneath a Bredden God.  
 Altars so rich not *Molocks* Temples show;  
 'Twas Heaven above, and *Golgotha* below.  
 Yet are not all the Mystick Rites yet done:  
 Their pious Fury does not stop so soon.  
 But to pursue the loud-tongu'd Wounds they gave,  
 Resolves to stab his Fame beyond the Grave,  
 And in Eternal Infamy to brand  
 With *Ammons* Murder, *Ammons* righteous Hand:  
 Here with a Bloodless wound, by Hellish Art,  
 With his own Sword they goar his Lifeless Heart.  
 Thus in a Ditch the butcher'd *Ammon* lay,  
 A Deed of Night enough to have kept back the Day:  
 Had not the Sun in Sacred vengeance rose,  
 Asham'd to see, but prouder to disclose,  
 Warm'd with new Fires, with all his posting speed,  
 Brought Heav'n's bright Lamp to shew th'Infernal Deed.

What art thou, Church! when Faith to propagate,  
 And crush all Bats that stop thy growing state,  
 Thou break'st through Natures, Gods, and Humane Laws,  
 Whilst Murder's Merit in a Churches Cause.  
 How much thy Ladder *Jacobs* does excel:  
 Whose Top's in Heaven like His, but Foot in Hell;  
 Thy Causes bloody Champions to befriend,  
 For Fiends to Mount, as Angels to Descend.

This was the stroke did th'alarm'd World surprize,  
 And even to infidelity lent Eyes:  
 Whilst sweating *Absolon* in *Israel* pent,      *Sold of yore went*  
 For fresher Air was to bleak *Hebron* sent.      *to Scotland.*  
 Cold *Hebron* warm'd by his approaching sight,  
 Flusht with his Gold, and glow'd with new delight.  
 Till Sacred all-converting Interest  
 To Loyalty, their almost unknown Guest,  
 Oped a broad Gate, from whence forth-issuing come,  
 Decrees, Tests, Oaths, for well-sooth'd *Absolom*.  
 Spight of that Guilt that made even Angels fall,  
 An unbarr'd Heir shall Reign: In spight of all  
 Apostacy from Heav'n, or Natures eyes,  
 Though for his Throne a *Cain*-built Palace rise.

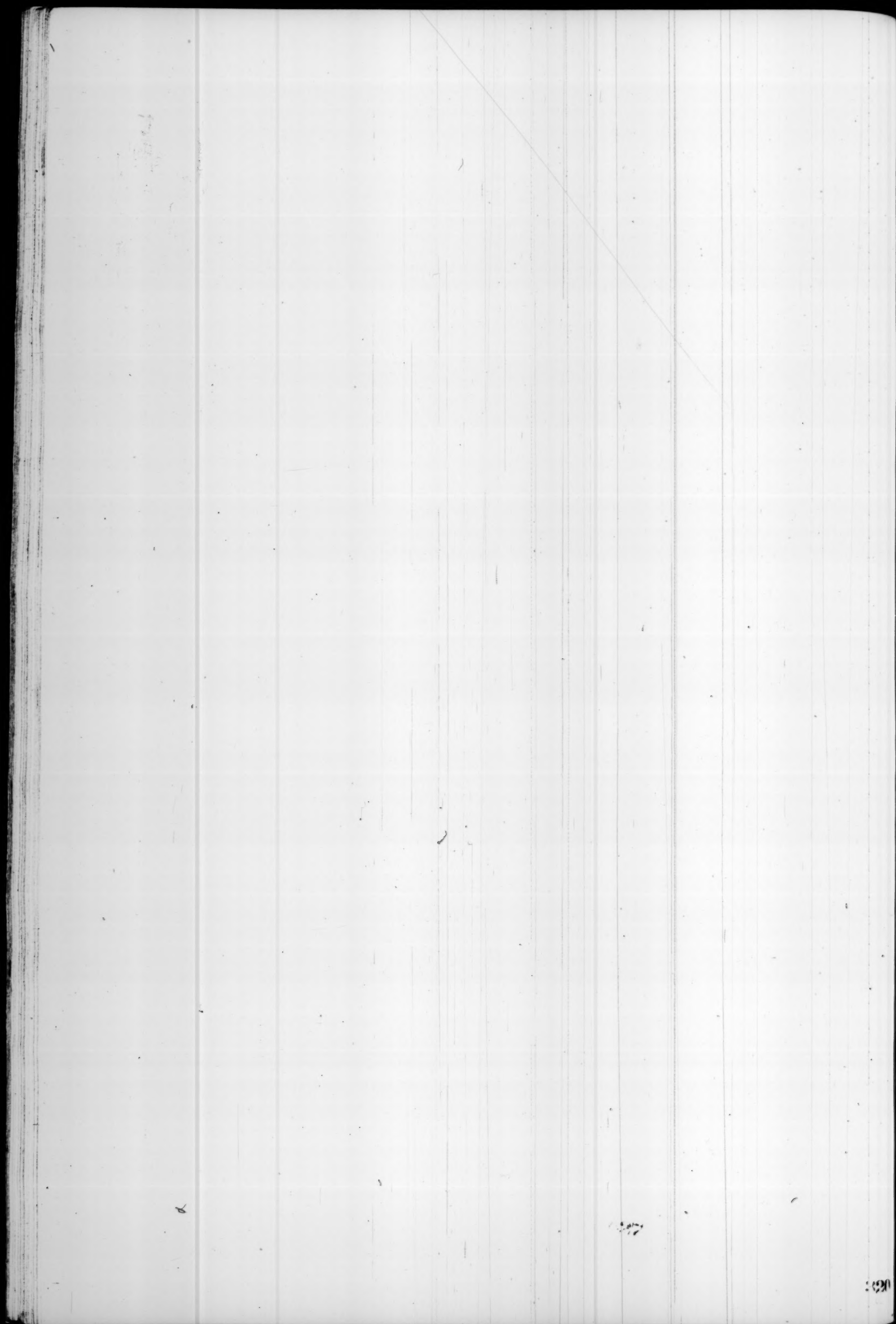




No wonder *Hebron* such Devotion bears  
 T'Imperial Dignity, and Royal Heirs ;  
 For they, whom Chronicle so high renowns  
 For selling Kings, should know the price of Crowns.

Here, Glorious *Hushai*, let me mourn thy Fate, *Earl of Argyle*.  
 Thou once great Pillar of the *Hebron* State : *Scotland*.  
 Yet now to Dungeons sent, and doom'd t'a Grave.  
 But Chains are no new Sufferings to the Brave.  
 Witness thy pains in six years Bonds endur'd,  
 For *Israel's* Faith, and *David's* Cause immur'd.  
 Death too thou oft for *Judah's* Crown hast stood,  
 So bravely fac'd in several Fields of Blood.  
 But from Fames Pinnacle now headlong cast,  
 Life, Honour, all are ruin'd at a Blast.  
 For *Absolons* great LAW thou durst explain ;  
 Where but to pry, bold Lord, was to prophane :  
 A Law that did his Mystick God-head couch,  
 Like th'Ark of God, and no less Death to touch.  
 Forgot are now thy Honourable Scars,  
 Thy Loyal Toyls, and Wounds in *Judah's* Wars.  
 Had thy pil'd Trophies *Babel*-high, reacht Heav'n,  
 Yet by one stroke from *Absolons* Thunder given,  
 Thy towring Glorie's levell'd to the ground ;  
 A stroke does all thy Tongues of Fame confound,  
 And, Traitor, now is all the Voice they sound. }  
 True, thou hadst Law ; that even thy Foes allow ;  
 But to thy Advocates, as damn'd as Thou,  
 'Twas Death to plead it. Artless *Absolon*  
 The Bloody Banner to display so soon :  
 Such killing Beams from thy young Day-break shot ;  
 What will the Noon be, if the Morn's so hot ?  
 Yes, dreadful Heir, the Coward *Hebron* awe.  
 So the young Lion tries his tender Paw.  
 At a poor Herd of feeble Heifers flies,  
 Ere the rough Bear, tusk'd Boar, or spotted Leopard dies.  
 Thus flusht, great Sir, thy strength in *Israel* try :  
 When their Cow'd Sanedrims shall prostrate lye,  
 And to thy feet their slavish Necks shall yield ;  
 Then raig the Princely Savage of the Field.

Yes



Yes, *Israels* Sanedrin, 'twas they alone  
 That set too high a Value on a Throne ;  
 Thought they had a God was Worthy to be serv'd ;  
 A Faith maintain'd, and Liberty preserv'd.  
 And therefore judg'd, for Safety and Renown  
 Of *Israels* People, Altars, Laws and Crown,  
 Th'Anointing Drops on Royal Temples shed  
 Too precious Showrs for an Apostates Head.  
 Then was that great Deliberate Council giv'n,  
 An Act of Justice both to Man and Heav'n,  
*Israels* conspiring Foes to overthrow,  
 That *Absolon* should th'Hopes of Crowns forego.  
 Debarr'd Succession ! oh that dismal sound !  
 A sound, at which *Baal* stagger'd, and Hell groan'd ;  
 A sound that with such dreadful Thunder falls,  
 'Twas heard even to *Semiramis* trembling Walls.

But hold ! is this the Plots last Murd'ring Blow,  
 The dire divorce of Soul and Body ? No.  
 The mangled Snake, yet warm, to Life they'll bring,  
 And each disjoynted Limb together cling.  
 Then thus *Baals* wise consulting Prophets cheer'd  
 Their pensive Sons, and call'd the scatter'd Herd,

Are we quite ruin'd ! No, mistaken Doom,  
 Still the great Day, yes that great Day shall come,  
 (Oh, rouse our fainting Sons, and droop no more.)  
 A Day, whose Luster, our long Clouds blown o're,  
 Not all the Rage of *Israel* shall annoy,  
 No, nor denouncing Sanedrims destroy.  
 See yon North-Pole, and mark *Boötes Carr* :  
 Oh ! we have those Influencing Aspects there,  
 Those Friendly pow'rs that drive in that bright *Wain*,  
 Shall redeem All, and our lost Ground regain.  
 Whilst to our Glory their kind Aid stands fast,  
 But one Plot more, our Greatest and our Last.

Now for a Product of that subtle kind,  
 As far above their former Births refin'd,  
 As Firmamental Fires t'a Tapers ray,  
 Or Prodigies to Natures common Clay.

Empires





Empires in Blood, or Cities in a Flame,  
 Are work for vulgar Hands, scarce worth a Name.  
 A Cake of *Shew-bread* from an Altar ta'ne,  
 Mixt but with some Levitical King-bane,  
 Has sent a Martyr'd Monarch to his Grave.  
 Nay, a poor Mendicant Church-Rake-hell slave  
 Has stab'd Crown'd Heads; slight Work to hands well skill'd,  
 Slight as the Pebble that *Goliath* kill'd.  
 But to make Plots no Plots, to clear all Taints,  
 Traitors transform to Innocents, Fiends to Saints,  
 Reason to Nonsense, Truth to Perjury;  
 Nay, make their own attesting Records lye,  
 And even the gaping Wounds of Murder whole:  
 I, this last Masterpiece requires a Soul.  
 Guilt to unmake, and Plots annihilate,  
 Is much a greater work than to create.  
 Nay both at once to be, and not to be,  
 Is such a Task would pose a Deity.  
 Let *Baal* do this, and be a God indeed:  
 Yes, 'his Immortal Honour 'tis decreed,  
 His Sanguine Robe though dipt in reeking Gore,  
 With purity and Innocence all o're,  
 Shall dry, and spotless from the purple hue,  
 The Miracle of *Gideons* Fleece outdo.  
 Yes, they're resolv'd, in all their foes despight,  
 To wash their more than *Ethiop* Treason White.

*Shamplot on ye  
protesth.*

But now for Heads to manage the Design,  
 Fit Engineers to labour in this Mine.  
 For their own hands 'twere fatal to employ:  
 Should *Baal* appear, it would *Baals* Cause destroy.  
 Alas, should onely their own Trumpets sound  
 Their Innocence, the jealous Ears around  
 All Infidels would the loath'd Charmer fly,  
 And through the Angels voice the Fiend descry.  
 No, this last game wants a new plotting Set,  
 And *Israel* only now can *Israel* cheat.  
 In this Machine their profest Foes must move,  
 Whilst *Baal* absconding sits in Clouds above,  
 From whence unseen he guides their bidden way:  
 For he may prompt, although he must not play.

This

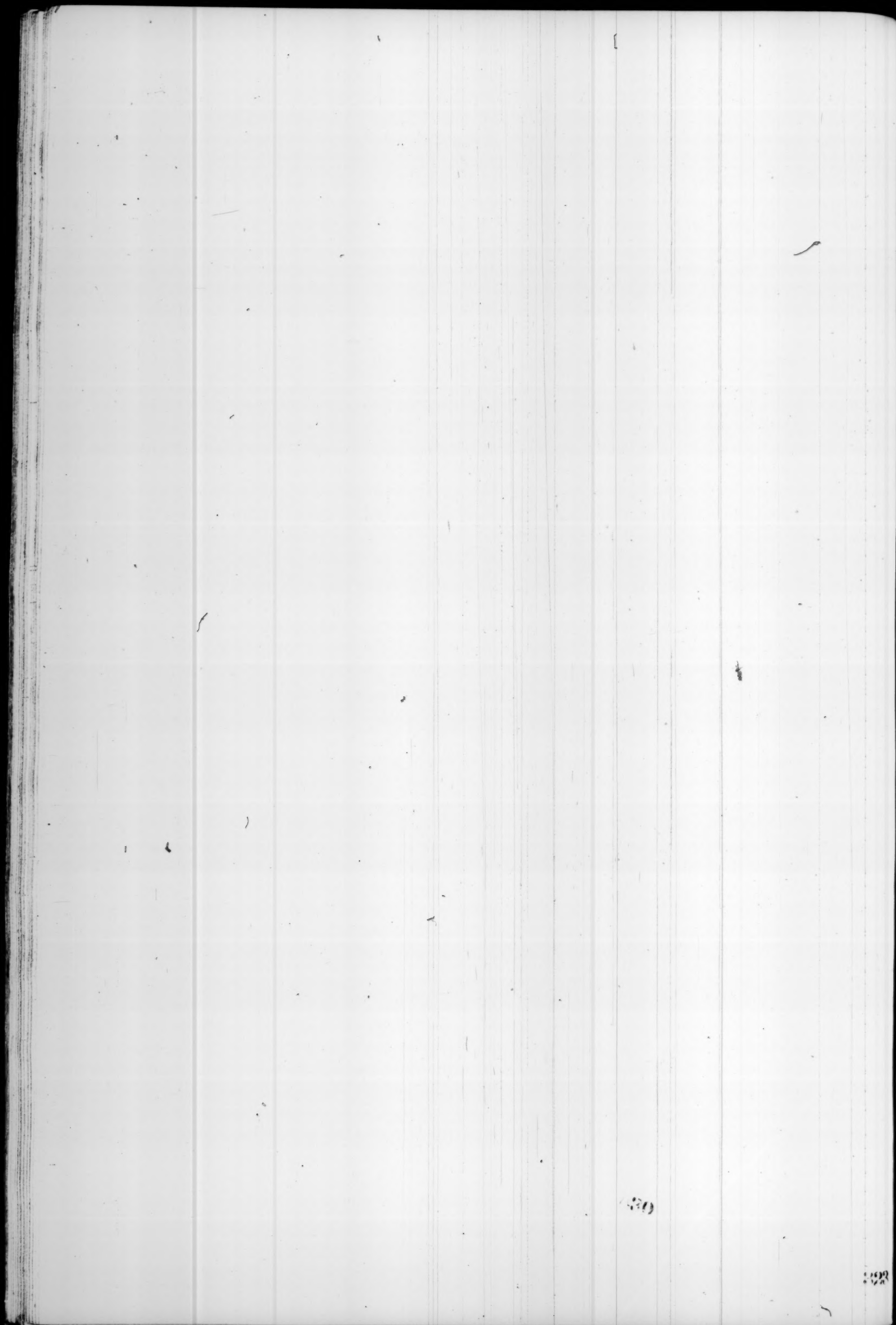


This to effect a sort of Tools they find,  
 Devotion-Rovers, an Amphibious Kind,  
 Of no Religion, yet like Walls of Steel  
 Strong for the Altars where their Princes kneel.  
 Imperial not Celestial is their Test,  
 The Uppermost, indisputably Best.  
 They always in the golden Chariot rod,  
 Honour their Heav'n, and Interest their God.

Of these then subtil *Caleb* none more Great, *1st Hyde*  
*Caleb* who shines where his lost Father set ;  
 Got by that fire, who not content alone,  
 To shade the brightest Jewel in a Crown,  
 Preaching Ingratitude t'a Court and Throne ;  
 But made his Politicks the baneful Root  
 From whence the springing Woes of *Israel* shoot,  
 When his Great Masters fatal *Gordian* tyed,  
 He lai'd the barren *Michal* by his side ; *1st Queen*  
 That the ador'd *Absolons* immortal Line  
 Might on *Judeas* Throne for ever shine. *England.*  
*Caleb*, who does that hardy Pilot make,  
 Steering in that Hereditary Track,  
 Blind to the Sea-Mark of a Fathers Wrack.

Next *Jonas* stands bull-fac'd, but chicken-soul'd, *Mr Scymor*  
 Who once the silver *Sanedrins* Controul'd, *Penion Parliament*  
 Their Gold-tip'd Tongue ; Gold his great Councils Bawd :  
 Till by succeeding *Sanedrins* outlaw'd,  
 He was prefer'd to guard the sacred Store :  
 There Lordly rowling in whole Mines of Oar ;  
 To Diccing Lords, a Cully-Favourite,  
 He prostitutes whole *Cargoes* in a Night.  
 Here to the Top of his Ambition come,  
 Fills all his Sayls for hopeful *Absolom*.  
 For his Religion's as the Season calls,  
 Gods in Possession, in Reversion *Baals*.  
 He bears himself a Dove to Mortal Race,  
 And though not Man, he can look Heav'n i'th' Face.  
 Never was Compound of more different Stuff,  
 A Heart in Lambskin, and a Conscience Buff.

Let not that Hideous Bulk of Honour scape,  
*Nadab* that sets the gazing Crowd agape : *Duke of Salisbury*  
 That old Kirk-founder, whose course Croak could sing *or Earl of*  
 The Saints, the Cause, no Bishop, and no King : *Anglescy*





When Greatness clear'd his Throat, and scowr'd his Maw,  
 Roard out Succession, and the Penal Law.  
 Not so of old : another sould went forth,  
 When in the Region from *Judea* North,  
 By the Triumphant *Saul* he was employ'd,  
 A huge fang Tusk to goar poor *David's* side.  
 Like a Proboscis in the Tyrants Jaw,  
 To rend and root through Government and Law.  
 His hand that Hell-penn'd League of *Belial* drew,  
 That ~~Swore~~ down Kings, Religion overthrew,  
 Great *David* banisht, and Gods Prophets slew,  
 Nor does the Courts long Sun so powerful shine,  
 T'exhale his Vapours, or his Dross refine;  
 Nor is the Metal mended by the stamp.  
 With his rank oyl he feeds the Royal Lamp.  
 To Sanedrins an everlasting Foe,  
 Resolv'd his Mighty Hunters overthrow.  
 And true to Tyranny, as th'only Jem,  
 That truly sparkles in a Diadem;  
 To *Absalons* side does his old *Covenant* bring,  
 With *State* raz'd out, and interlin'd with KING.  
 But *Nadabs* Zeal has too severe a Doom;  
 Whilst serving an ungrateful *Absalom*,  
 His strength all spent his Greatness to create,  
 He's now laid by a cast-out Drone of State.  
 He rowz'd that Game by which he is undone,  
 By fleeter Coursers now so far outrun,  
 That fiercer Mightier *Nimrod* in the Chace,  
 Till quite thrown out, and lost he quits the Race.

Of Low-born Tools we bawling *Shimei* saw, *St. George's*  
*Jerusalem's* late loud-tongu'd MOUTH of Law,  
 By Blessings from Almighty Bounty given,  
*Shimei* no common Favorite of Heaven.  
 Whom, lest Posterity should loose the Breed,  
 In five short Moons indulgent Heav'n rais'd Seed;  
 Made happy in an Early teeming Bride,  
 And laid a lovely Heirefs by her side.  
 Whilst the glad Father's so divinely blest,  
 That like the Stag proud of his Brow so drest,  
 He brandishes his lofty City-Crest.

'Twas



'Twas in Jerusalem was Shimei first, *City of London*  
Jerusalem by Baals Prophets ever curst,  
 The greatest Block that stops 'em in their way,  
 For which she once in Dust and Ashes lay.  
 Here to the Bar this whiffling Lurcher came,  
 And barkt to rowze the nobler Hunters Game.  
 But Shimei's Lungs might well be stretcht so far;  
 For steering by a Court-Ascendant Star,  
 For daily Oracles he does address,  
 To the Egyptian Beauteous Sorceress. *Butcher of Portsmouth.*  
 For Pharaoh when he wisely did essay  
 To bear the long-sought Golden Prize away,  
 That fair Enchantress sent, whose Magick Skill  
 Should keep great Israels sleeping Dragon still.  
 Thus by her powerful inspirations fed,  
 To bite their Heels this City-Snake was bred,  
 Till Absalon got strength to bruise their Head.  
 Of all the Heroes since the world began,  
 To Shimei Joshuah was the bravest Man.  
 To Him his Tutelar Saint he prays, and oh,  
 That great Jerusalem were like Jericoh!  
 Then bellowing lowd for Joshuah's Spirit calls,  
 Because his Rams-horn blew down City-Walls.

In the same Roll have we grave Corah seen, *3<sup>rd</sup> in Serjeants*  
Corah, the late chief Scarlet Abbetdin. *(Chief Justice.)*  
Corah, who luckily i<sup>th</sup> Bench was got,  
 To ~~do~~ the Bloodhounds off to save the Plot.  
Corah, who once against Baals Impious Cause,  
 Stood strong for Israels Faith and Dauids Laws.  
 He poys'd his Scales, and shook his ponderous Sword,  
 Lowd as his Fathers Basan-Bulls he roar'd;  
 Till by a Dose of Forreign Ophir drencht, *God for weakness*  
 The Feavour of his Burning Zeal was Quencht. *acquitted.*  
Ophir, that rescu'd the Court-Drugsters Fate,  
 Sent in the Nick to gild his Pills of State.  
 Whilst the kind Skill of our Law-Emperick,  
 Sublim'd his Mercury to save his Neck.  
 In Law, they say, he had but a slender Mite,  
 And Sense he had less: for as Historians write,  
 The Arabian Legate laid a Share so gay, *Portugall Ambassador.*  
 As Spirited his little Wits away.

Of

R

122



Of the Records of Law he fancied none  
 Like the Commandment Tables graven in Stone.  
 And wish'd the *Talmude* such, that Sovereign sway  
 When once displeased might th'angry *Moses* play.  
 Onely his Law was Brittle i'th' wrong place:  
 For had our *Corab* been in *Moses* Case,  
 The Fury of his Zeal had been employ'd  
 To build that Calf which th'others Rage destroy'd.  
 Thus *Corab*, *Baals* true Fayry Changeling made,  
 He Bleated onely as the *Pharisees* pray'd,  
 All to advance that future Tyrant pow'r,  
 Should Widows Houses gorge, and Orphans Tears devour.

Nor are these all their Instruments ; to prop  
 Their Mighty Cause, and *Israels* Murmurs stop ;  
 They find a sort of Academick Tools ;  
 Who by the Politick Doctrine of their Schools,  
 Betwixt Reward, Pride, Avarice, Hope and Fear,  
 Prizing their Heav'n too cheap, the World too dear,  
 Stand bold and strong for *Absolons* Defence :  
 Interest the Thing, but Conscience the Pretence.  
 These to ensure him for their *Sions* King,  
 A Right Divine quite down from *Adam* bring,  
 That old Levitick Engine of Renown,  
 That makes no Taint of Souls a bar t'a Crown.  
 'Tis true, Religions constant Champion vow'd,  
 Each open-mouth'd, with Pulpit-Thunder lowd,  
 Against false Gods, and Idol Temples bawls ;  
 Yet lays the very Stones that raise their Walls.  
 They preach up Hell to those that *Baal* adore,  
 Yet make't Damnation to oppose his pow'r.  
 So far this Paradox of Conscience run,  
 Till *Israels* Faith pulls *Israels* Alters down.  
 Grant Heav'n they don't to *Baal* so far make way,  
 Those fatal Wands before their Sheepfolds lay.  
 Such Motley Principles amongst them thrown,  
 Shall nurse that Py-ball'd Flock that's half his own.  
 Nor may they say, when *Molocks* Hands draw nigher,  
 We built the Pile, whilst *Baal* but gives it fire.

If Monarchy in *Adam* first begun,  
 When the Worlds Monarch dug, and his Queen spun,

And

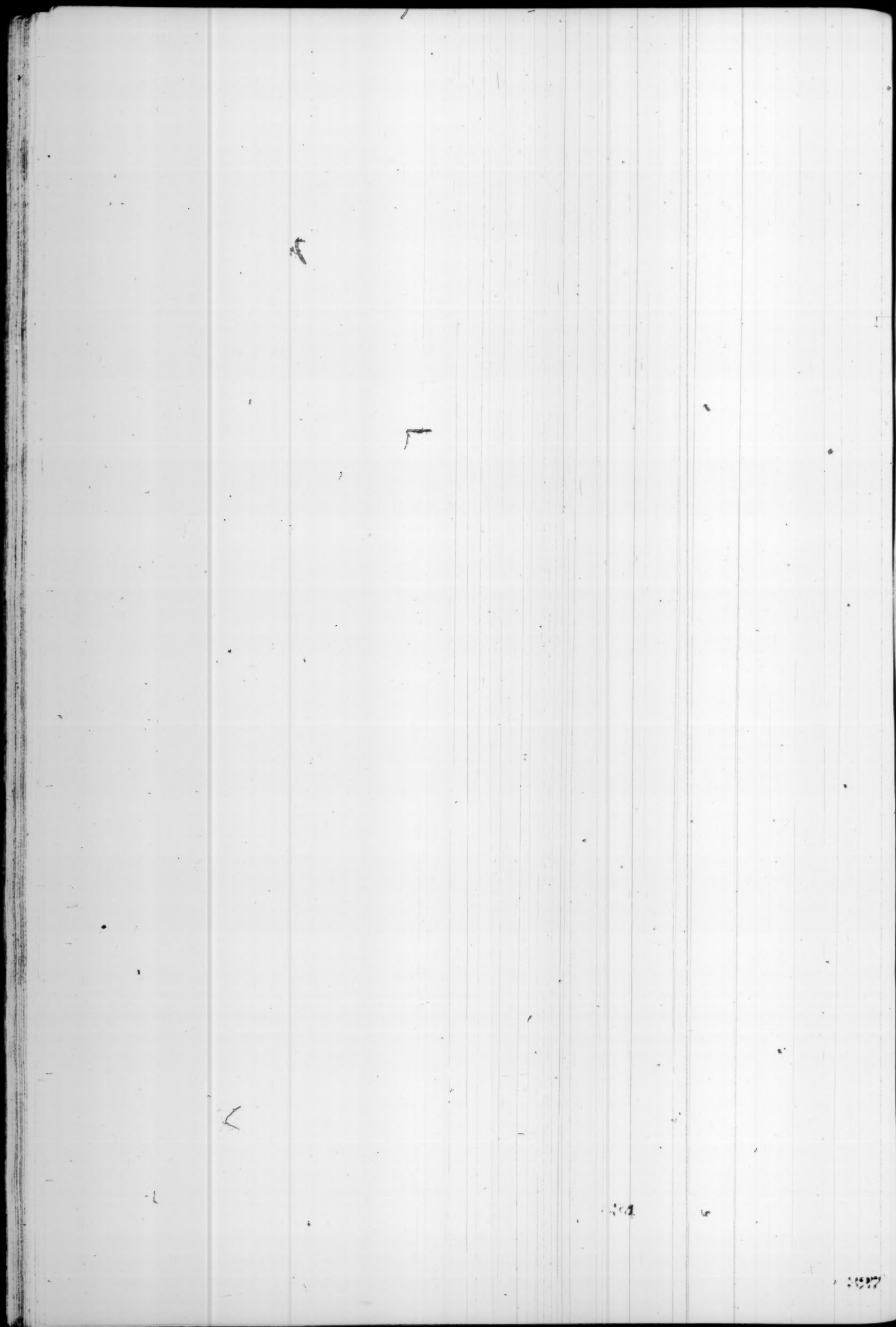


His Fig-leaves his first Coronation-Robe,  
 His Spade his Scepter, and her Wheel his Globe ;  
 And Royal Birthright, as their Schools assert,  
 Not Kings themselves with Conscience can divert ;  
 How came the World possess'd by *Adams* Sons,  
 Such various Principalities, Powres, Thrones ?  
 When each went out and chose what Lands he pleas'd,  
 Whilst a new Family new Kingdoms rais'd ?  
 His Sons assuming what he could not give,  
 Their Sovereign Sires right Heir they did deprive ;  
 And from Rebellion all their pow'r derive :  
 For were there an original Majesty  
 Upheld by Right Divine, the World should be  
 Onely one Universal Monarchy.  
 O cruel Right Divine, more full of Fate,  
 Then th' Angels flaming Sword at *Edens* Gate,  
 Such early Treason through Mankind convey'd,  
 And at the door of Infant-Nature layd.  
 For Right Divine in *Esaus* just defence,  
 Why don't they quarrel with Omnipotence,  
 The first-born *Esaus* Right to *Jacob* giv'n,  
 And Gods gift too, Injustice charge on Heav'n.  
 Nay, let Heav'n answer this one Fact alone,  
 Mounting a Bastard *Jephtha* on a Throne.  
 If Kings and Sanedrims those Laws could make,  
 Which from offending Heirs their Heads can take ;  
 And a First-born can forfeit Life and Throne,  
 And all by Law : why not a Crown alone ?  
 Strange-bounded Law-makers ! whose pow'r can throw  
 The deadlier Bolt, can't give the weaker Blow.  
 A Treasonous Act ; nay, but a Treasonous Breath  
 Against offended Majesty is Death.  
 But, oh ! the wondrous Church-distinction given  
 Between the Majesty of Kings and Heav'n !  
 The venial sinner here, he that intreagues  
 With *Egypt*, *Babylon* ; Cabals, Plots, Leagues  
 With *Israels* Foes her Altars to destroy,  
 A Hair untouch'd, shall Health, Peace, Crowns enjoy.

Truths Temple thus the Exhalations bred  
 From her own Bowels, to obscure her Head.

G

And





And *Absalom* already had subdu'd  
 Whole Crowds of the unthinking Multitude:  
 But through these Wiles too weak to catch the Wise;  
 Thin as their Ephod-Lawn, a Cobweb Net for Flyes,  
 The searching Sanedrim saw; and to dispel  
 Th'ingendring Mists that threatned *Israel*,  
 They still resolv'd their Plotting Foes defeat;  
 By barring *Absolon* th'Imperial Seat.

But here's his greatest Tug; could he but make  
 Th'excluding Sanedrims Resolves once shake;  
 Nay, make the smallest Breach, or clashing Jar,  
 In their great Council, push but home so far,  
 And the great Point's secur'd----And, lo! among  
 The Princely Heads of that Illustrious Throng,  
 He saw rich Veins with Noble Blood new fill'd;  
 Others who Honour from Dependance held.  
 Some with exhausted Fortunes, to support  
 Their Greatness, propt with Crutches from a Court.  
 These for their Countries Right their Votes still pass,  
 Mov'd like the Water in a Weather-glass,  
 Higher or lower, as the powerful Charm  
 Oth' Sovereign Hand is either cool or warm.  
 Here must th'Attacque be made: for well we know,  
 Reason and Titles from one Fountain flow:  
 Whilst Favour Men no less than Fortunes builds,  
 And Honour ever Moulds as well as Guilds.  
 Honour that still does even new Souls inspire;  
 Honour more powerful than the Heav'n-stoln Fire.  
 These must be wrought to *Absolons* Defence.  
 For though to baffle the whole Sanedrims Sence  
 T'attempt Impossibles would be in vain;  
 Yet 'tis enough but to *Divide* and *Raign*.

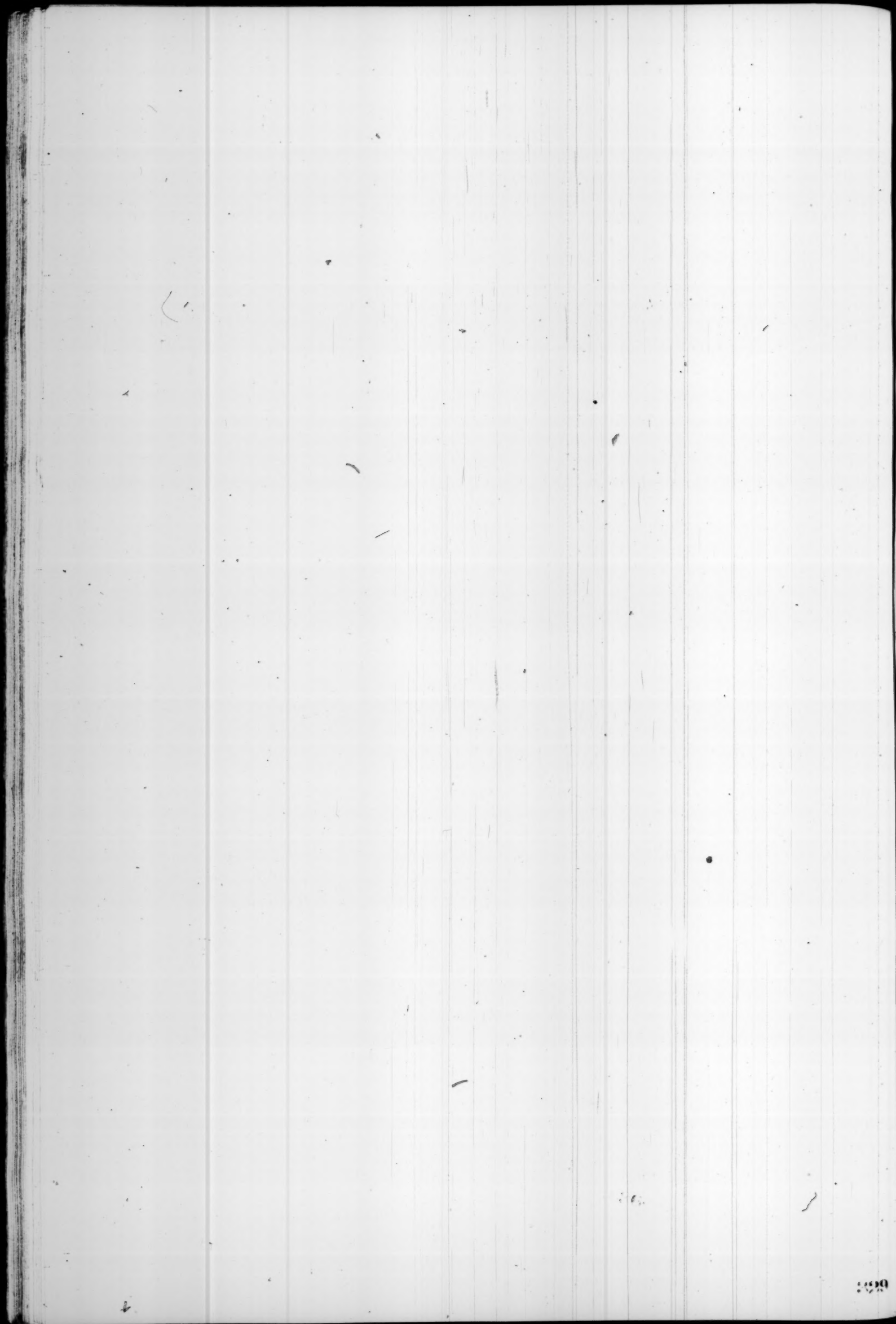
Here though small Force such easie Converts draws,  
 Yet 'tis thought fit in glory to their Cause,  
 Some learned Champion of prodigious Sense,  
 With Mighty and long studyed Eloquence,  
 Should with a kind of Inspiration rise,  
 And the unguarded Sanedrim surprize;  
 And such resistless conquering Reasons press,  
 To charm their vanquisht Souls, that the Success  
 Might look like Conscience, though 'tis nothing less. } For



For this Design no Head nor Tongue so well;  
 As that of the profound *Achitophel*.  
 How, great *Achitophel*! his Hand, his Tongue! *Ed Hallifax*  
*Babylons* Mortal Foe; he who so long  
 With haughty Sullenness, and scornful Lowr,  
 Had loath'd false Gods, and Arbitrary pow'r.  
 'Gainst *Baal* no Combatant more fierce than he;  
 For *Israels* asserted Liberty,  
 No Man more bold; with generous Rage inflam'd;  
 Against the old ensnaring Test declaim'd.  
 Besides, he bore a most peculiar Hate  
 To sleeping Pilots, all Earth-clods of State.  
 None more abhorr'd the Sycophant, Buffoon;  
 And Parasite, th'excrecence of a Throne;  
 Creatures who their creating Sun disgrace,  
 A Brood more abject than *Niles* Slime-born Race.  
 Such was the Brave *Achitophel*; a Mind,  
 (If but the Heart and Face were of a kind)  
 So far from being by one base Thought deprav'd,  
 That sure half ten such Souls had *Sodom* sav'd.  
 Here *Baals* Cabal *Achitophel* survey'd,  
 And dash'd with wonder, half despairing said,  
 Is this the Hand that *Absolon* must Crown,  
 The Founder of his Temples, Palace, Throne?  
 This, This the mighty Convert we must make?  
 Gods, h'has a Soul not all our Arts can shake.

At this a Wiser graver Head slept out,  
 And with this Language chid their groundless Doubt:  
 For shame, no more; what is't that frights you thus?  
 Is it his Hatred of our God, and us,  
 Makes him so formidable in your Eye?  
 Or is't his Wit, Sense, Honour, Bravery?  
 Give him a thousand Virtues more, and plant  
 Them round him like a Wall of Adamant,  
 Strong as the Gates of Heaven; we'll reach his Heart:  
 Cheer, cheer, my Friends, I've found one Mortal part.  
 For he has *Pride*, a vast insatiate *Pride*,  
 Kind Stars, he's vulnerable on that side.  
 Pride that made Angels fall, and Pride that hurl'd  
 Entayl'd Destruction through a ruin'd World.

*Adam*





Adam from Pride to Disobedience ran :  
 To be like Gods, made a lost wretched Man.  
 There, there, my Sons, let our pour'd strength all fly :  
 For some bold Tempter now to rap him high,  
 From Pinnacles to Mountain Tops, and show  
 The gaudy Glories of the World below.

At which the Conſult came to this Deſign,  
 To work him by a kind of Touch Divine.  
 To raiſe ſome holy Spright to do the Feat.  
 Nothing like Dreams and Viſions to the Great.  
 Did not a little Witch of *Eador* bring  
 A Viſionary Seer t'a cheated King?  
 And ſhall their greater Magick want Succeſs,  
 Their more Illuſtrious Sorceries do leſs !

This final Reſolution made, at laſt  
 Some Myſtick words, and invocations paſt,  
 They call'd the Spirit of a late Court-Scribe ;  
 Once a true Servant of the Plotting Tribe :  
 When both with Foreign and Domeſtick Coſt,  
 He plaid the feaſted Sacerdins kind Hoſt.  
 H'had ſcribbled much, and like a Patriot bold,  
 Bid high for *Iſraels* Peace with *Egypt's* Gold.  
 But ſince a Martyr. (Why ! as Writers think,  
 His Maſters Hand had over-gall'd his Ink.)  
 And by proteſting *Absoloms* wiſe care,  
 Popt into Brimſtone ere he was aware.  
 Him from the Grave they raiſ'd, in ample kind,  
 His ſever'd Head to his ſeer Quarters join'd ;  
 Then caſ'd his Chin in a falſe Beard ſo well,  
 As made him paſs for Father *Samuel*.  
 Him thus equipt in a Religious Cloak,  
 They thus his new-made Reverence beſpoke. •

Go, awful Spright, haſt to *Achitophel*,  
 Rouze his great Soul, uſe every Art, Charm, Spell :  
 For *Absolom* thy utmoſt Rhetorick try,  
 Preach him Succeſſion, roar'd Succeſſion cry,  
 Succeſſion dreſt in all her glorious pride,  
 Succeſſion Worſhipt, Sainted, Deſſy'd.

Conjure



Conjure him by Divine and Humane Pow'rs,  
 Convince, Convert, Confound, make him but ours,  
 That *Absolon* may mount on *Judah's* Throne,  
 Whilst all the World before us is our own.

The forward Spright but few Instructions lackt,  
 Strait by the Moons pale light away he packt,  
 And in a trice, his Curtains open'd wide,  
 He sate him by *Achitophel's* Bed-side.  
 And in this style his artful Accents ran,

Hear *Israels* Hope, thou more than happy Man,  
 Beloved on high, witness this Honour done  
 By Father *Samuel*, and believe me, Son,  
 'Tis by no common Mandate of a God,  
 A Soul beatified, the blest Abode  
 Thus low deserting, quits Immortal Thrones,  
 And from his Grave resumes his sleeping Bones.  
 But Heav'n's the Guide, and wondrous is the way,  
 Divine the Embassie: hear, and obey.  
 How long, *Achitophel*, and how profound  
 A Mist of Hell has thy lost Reason drown'd?  
 Can the Apostacy from *Israels* Faith,  
 In *Israels* Heir, deserve a murmuring Breath?  
 Or to preserve Religion, Liberty,  
 Peace, Nations, Souls, is that a Cause so high,  
 As the Right Heir from Empire to debar?  
 Forbid it Heav'n, and guard him every Star.  
 Alas, what if an Heir of Royal Race,  
 Gods Glory and his Temples will deface,  
 And make a prey of your Estates, Lives, Laws;  
 Nay, give your Sons to *Moloch's* burning paws;  
 Shall you exclude him? hold that Impious Hand.  
 As *Abraham* gave his Son a Gods Command,  
 Think still he does by *Divine* Right succeed:  
 God bids Him Reign, and you should bid Them Bleed.  
 'Tis true, as Heav'n's Elected Flock, you may  
 For his Conversion, and your Safety pray  
 But Pray'rs are all. To Disinherit him,  
 The very Thought, nay, Word it self's a Crime.  
 For that's the MEANS of Safety: but forbear,  
 For Means are Impious in the Sons of Pray'r.





To Miracles alone your Safety owe ;  
 And *Abrahams* Angel wait to stop the Blow.  
 Yes, what if his polluted Throne be strowd  
 With Sacrilege, Idolatry, and Blood ;  
 And 'tis you mount him there ; you're innocent still :  
 For he's a King, and Kings can do no ill.  
 Oh Royal Birthright, 'tis a Sacred Name :  
 Rowze then *Achitophel*, rowze up for shame :  
 Let not this Lethargy thy Soul benum ;  
 But wake, and save the Godlike *Absalom*.  
 And to reward thee for a Deed so great  
 Glut thy Desires, thy full-crown'd wishes meet,  
 Be with accumulated Honours blest,  
 And grasp a STAR t'adorn thy shining Crest.

*Achitophel* before his Eyes could ope,  
 Dreamt of an Ephod, Mitre, and a Cope.  
 Those visionary Robes t'his Eyes appear'd :  
 For Priestly all was the great Sense he heard.  
 But Priest or Prophet, Right Divine, or all  
 Together ; 'twas not at their feeble call,  
 'Twas at the *Star* he wak'd ; the *Star* but nam'd,  
 Flasht in his Eyes, and his rowz'd Soul inflam'd.  
 A *Star*, whose Influence had more powerful Light,  
 Then that Miraculous Wanderer of the Night,  
 Decreed to guide the Eastern Sages way :  
 Their's to adore a God, his to betray.

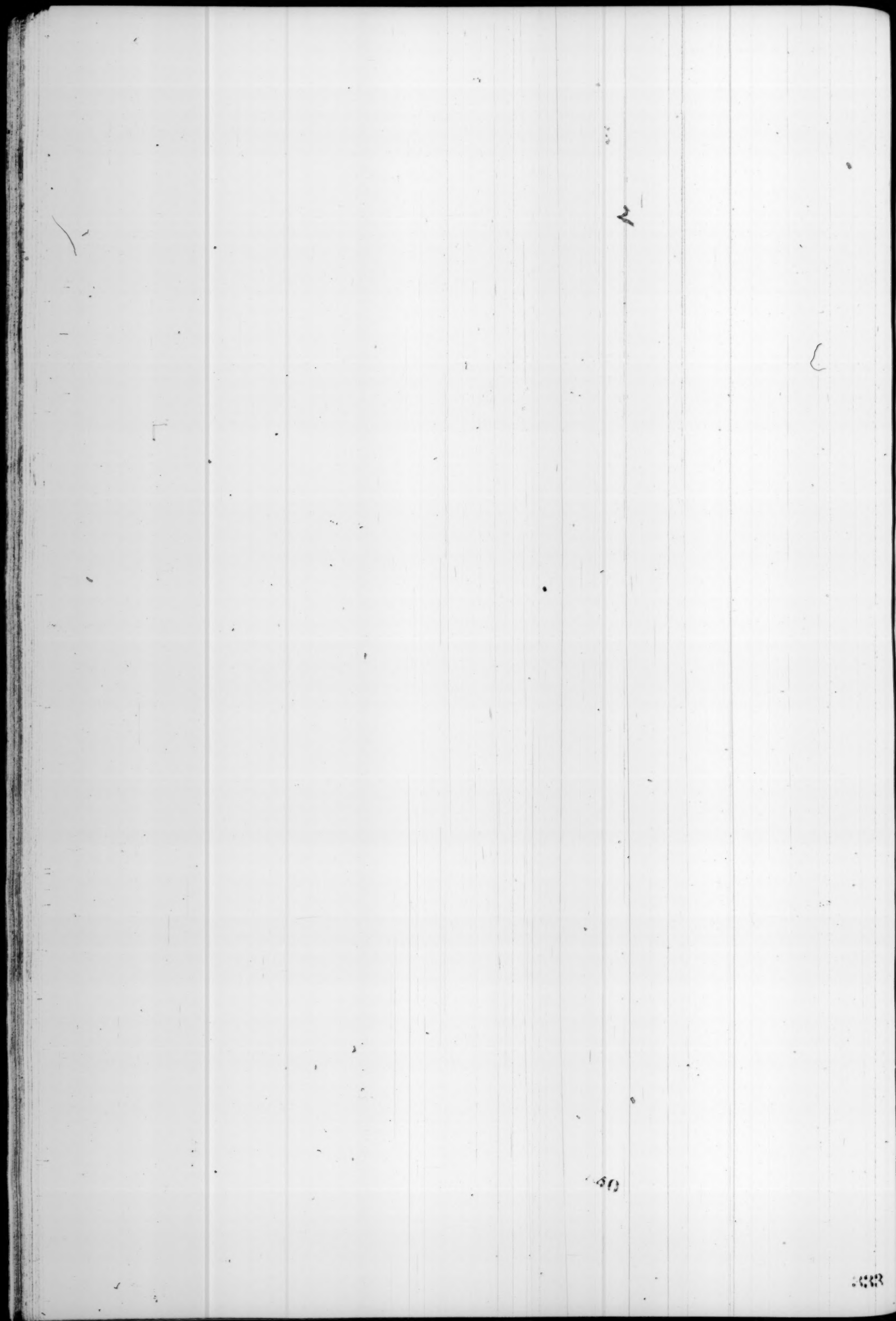
Here the new Convert more than half inspir'd,  
 Strait to his Closet and his Books retir'd.  
 There for all needful Arts in this extreme,  
 For knotty Sophistry t'a limber Theme,  
 Long brooding ere the Mass to Shape was brought,  
 And after many a tugging heaving Thought,  
 Together a well-order'd Speech he draws,  
 With ponderous Sounds for his much-labour'd Cause.  
 Then the astonisht Sanedrim he storm'd,  
 And with such doughty strength the Tug perform'd :  
 Fate did the Work with so much Conquest blest,  
 Wondrous the Champion, Glorious the Success.  
 So powerful Eloquence, so strong was Wit ;  
 And with such Force the casie Wind-falls hit.

But



But the entirest Hearts his Cause could steal,  
 Were the Levitick Chiefs of Israel. *yt Bishops voted agt y<sup>e</sup> bill agt y<sup>e</sup> succession*  
 None with more Rage the Impious Thought run down  
 Of barring *Absolon*, Pow'r, Wishe, Crown.  
 With so much vehemence, such fiery Zeal!  
 Oh, poor unhappy Church of *Israel*!  
 Thou feelst the Fate of the Arch-angels Wars,  
 The Dragons Tayl sweeps down thy Falling Stars.  
 Nay, the black Vote 'gainst *Absolon* appear'd  
 So monstrous, that they damn'd it ere 'twas heard. *thru it out in y<sup>e</sup> House of Lords.*  
 For Prelates ne'r in Sanedrims debate,  
 They argue in the Church, but not i'th' State;  
 And when their Thoughts aslant towards Heav'n they turn,  
 They weigh each Grain of Incense that they burn,  
 But t'Heavens Vice-gerents, Soul, Sense, Reason, all,  
 Or right or wrong, like Hecatombs must fall.  
 And when State-busines calls their Thoughts below,  
 Then like their own Church-Organ-Pipes they go.  
 Not *Dauids* Lyre could more his Touch obey:  
 For as their Princes breathe and strike, they play.  
 'Gainst Royal Will they never can dispute,  
 But by a strange *Tarantula* strook mute,  
 Dance to no other Tune but *Absolute*.  
 All Acts of Supreme Power they still admire:  
 'Tis Sacred, though to set the World on Fire;  
 Though Church-Infallibility they explode,  
 As making Humane knowledge equal God;  
 Infallible in a new name goes down,  
 Not in the Mitre lodged, but in the Crown.  
 'Tis true, blest *Deborahs* Laws they could forget:  
 (But want of Memory commends their Wit.)  
 Where 'twas enacted Treason, not to own  
 Hers and her Sanedrims right to place the Crown.  
 But her weak Heads oth' Church, mistaken fools,  
 Wanted the Light of their sublimer Schools:  
 For Divine Right could no such Forces bring.  
 But Wisdom now expands her wider Wing,  
 And Streams are ever deeper than the Spring.  
 Besides, they've sense of Honour; and who knows  
 How far the Gratitude of Priest-craft goes?

And

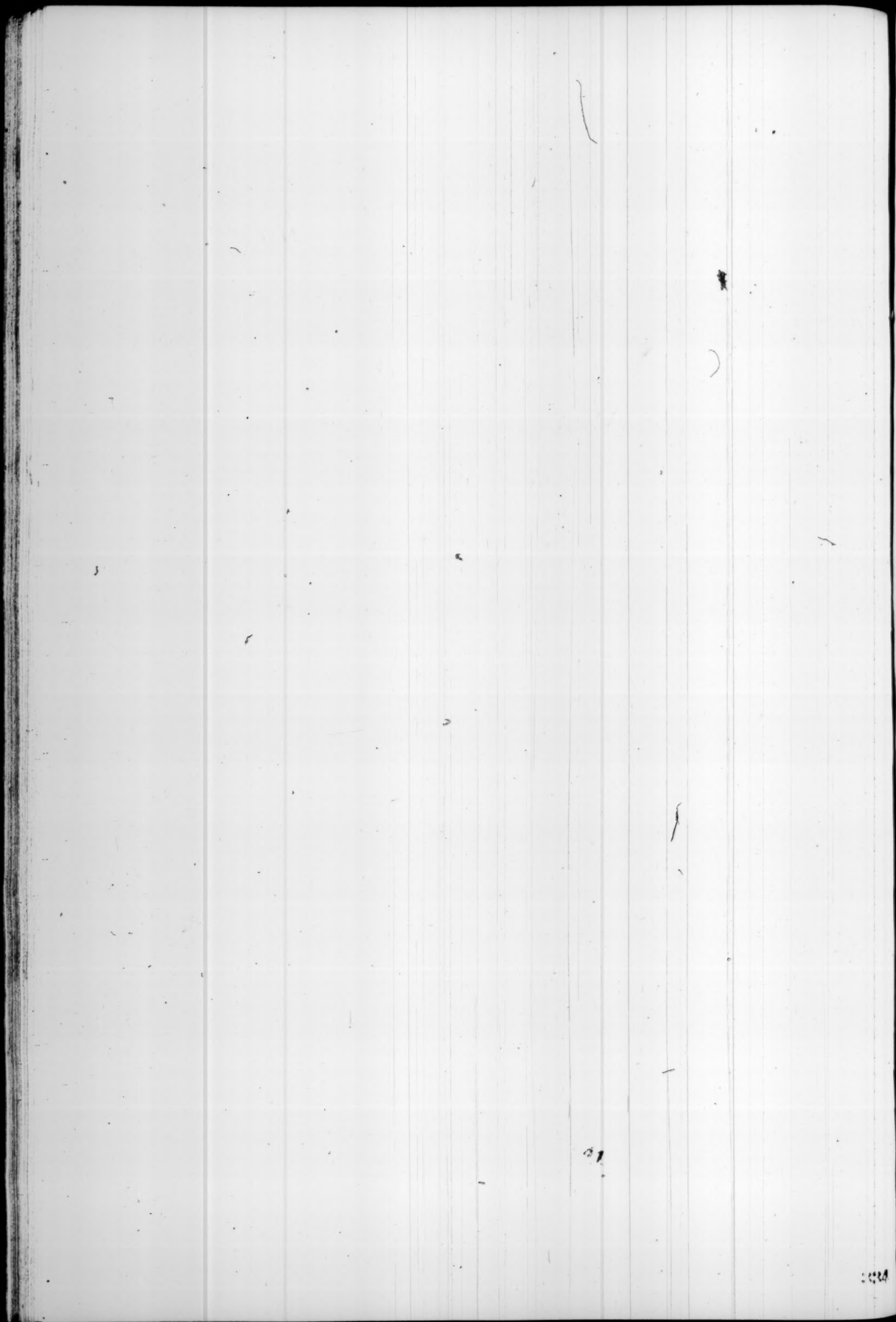




And what if now like old *Elisba* fed,  
To praise the Sooty Bird that brought 'em Bread;  
In pure acknowledgment, though in despight  
Of their own sense, they paint the Raven White.

*Achitophel* charm'd with kind Fortunes Smiles,  
Flusht with Success, now glows for bolder Toyls.  
Great Wits perverted greatest Mischiefs hold,  
As poysonous Vapors spring from Mines of Gold.  
And proud to see himself with Triumph blest,  
Thus to great *Absalom* himself address.

Illustrious Terroure of the World, all hayle :  
For ever like your Conquering Self prevaile.  
In spight of Malice in full Luster shine ;  
Be your each Action, Word, and Look Divine.  
Nay, though our Altars you've so long forborne ;  
To your derided Foes Defeat, and Scorne,  
For your Renown we have those Trumpets found,  
Shall ev'n this Deed your highest Glory sound.  
That spight of the ill-judging Worlds mistake,  
Your Soul still owns those Temples you forsake :  
Onely by all-commanding Honour driven,  
This self-denial you have made with Heav'n :  
Quitting our Altars, cause the Insolence  
Of prophane Sanedrims has driven you thence.  
A Prince his Faith to such low Slaves reveal !  
'Twas Treason though to God to bid You kneel.  
And what though senseless barking Murmurers scold, }  
And with a Rage too blasphemously bold, }  
Say *Israels* Crown's for *Esau's* Pottage sold. }  
Let 'em rayl on ; and to strike Envy dumb ;  
May the Slaves live till that great Day shall come,  
When their husht Rage shall your keen Vengeance fly,  
And silenc'd with your Royal Thunder dye.  
Nay, to outsoar your weak Fore-fathers Wings,  
And to be all that Nature first meant Kings ;  
Damn'd be the Law that Majesty confines,  
But doubly damn'd accursed Sanedrims,  
Invented onely to eclipse a Crown.  
Oh throw that dull Mosaick Land-mark down.



The making Sanedrims a part of Pow'r,  
 Nurst but those Vipers which its Sire devour.  
 Lodg'd in the Pallace tow'rd the Throne they press,  
 For Pow'r's Enjoyment does its Lust increase.  
 Allegiance onely is in Chains held fast;  
 Make Men ne're thirst, is ne're to let 'em tast.  
 Then, Royal Sir, be Sanedrims no more,  
 Lop off that rank Luxurious Branch of pow'r :  
 Those hungry Scions from the Cedar root,  
 That its Imperial Head towards Heav'n may shoot.  
 When Lordly Sanedrims with Kings give Law,  
 And thus in yokes like Mules together draw;  
 From *Judah's* Arms the Royal Lyon raze,  
 And *Iffachars* dull Ass supply the place.  
 If Kings o're common Mankind have this odds,  
 Are Gods Vicegerents; let 'em act like Gods.  
 As Man is Heav'n's own clay, which it may mould  
 For Honour or Dishonour, uncontrould,  
 And Monarchy is mov'd by Heav'nly Springs;  
 Why is not Humane Fate i'th' Breath of Kings?  
 Then, Sir, from Heav'n your great Example take,  
 And be th'unbounded Lord a King should make:  
 Resume what bold Invading Slaves engrost,  
 And onely Pow'r's Effeminacy lost.

To this kind *Absolom* but little spoke;  
 Onely return'd a Nod, and gracious Look.  
 For though recorded Fame with pride has told,  
 Of his great Actings, Wonders manifold;  
 And his great Thinkings most Diviners guess;  
 Yet his great Speakings no Records express.

All things thus safe; and now for one last blow,  
 To give his Foes a total Overthrow;  
 A Blow not in Hells Legends match'd before,  
 The remov'd Plot's laid at the Enemies door.  
 The old Plot forg'd against the Saints of *Baal*,  
 Cheat, Perjury, and Subornation-all,  
 Whilst with a more damn'd Treason of their own,  
 Like working Moles they're digging round the Throne;  
*Baal, Baal*, the cry, and *Absolom* the Name,  
 But *David's* glory, Life and Crown the Aim.

*popish plot hand  
on ye protestants*





Nay, if but a Petition peep abroad,  
 Though for the Glory both of Church and God,  
 And to preserve even their yet unborn Heirs;  
 There's Blood and Treason in their very Prayers.  
 This unexampled Impudence upheld;  
 The Governments best Friends, the Crowns best Shield,  
 The Great and Brave with equal Treason brands,  
 Faith, Honour, and Allegiance strongest Bands  
 All broken like the Cords of *Samson* fall,  
 Whilst th' universal Leprosie taints all.  
 These poysonous shafts with greater spleen they draw,  
 Than the Outragious Wife of *Potipha*.  
 So the chaste *Joseph* uneduc'd to her  
 Adultries, was pronounced a Ravisher.

This hellish Ethnick Plot the Court alarms;  
 The Traytors seventy thousand strong in Arms,  
 Near *Endor* Town lay ready at a Call,  
 And garrison'd in Airy Castles all,  
 These Warriours on a sort of Counters rid,  
 Ne'r log'd in Stables, or by Man beltrid.  
 What though the Steele with which the Rebels fought,  
 No Forge e're felt, or Anvil ever wrought?  
 Yet this Magnetick Plot, for black Designs,  
 Can raise cold Iron from the very Mines.  
 To this were twenty Under-plots, contriv'd  
 By Malice, and by Ignorance believ'd,  
 Till Shamms met Shamms, and Plots with Plots so cross,  
 That the True Plot amongst the False was lost.

Of all the much-wrong'd Worthies of the Land  
 Whom this Contagious Infamy profan'd,  
 In the first Rank the youthful *Libream* stood, *Duke of Monmouth*.  
 His Princely Veins fill'd with great *David's* Blood,  
 With so much Manly Beauty in his Face,  
 Scarce his High Birth could lend a Nobler Grace,  
 And for a Mind fit for this throne of Gold  
 Heaven cast his Soul in the same Beauteous Mould;  
 With all the sweets of Prideless Greatness blest,  
 As Affable as *Abraham's* Angel-Guest.  
 But when in Wars his glittering Steel he drew,  
 No Chief more Bold with fiercer Lightning flew.

Witness



Witness his tryal of an Arm Divine,  
 Passing the Ordeal of a *Burning Mine*;  
 Such forward Courage did his Bosome fill,  
 Starting from nothing, but from doing ill.  
 Still with such Heat in Honours Race he run,  
 Such Wonders by his early Valour done,  
 Enough to charm a second *Joshua's* Sun.  
 But he has Foes & his fatal Enemies  
 To a strange Monster his Fair Truth disguise;  
 And shew the Gorgon even to Royal Eyes.  
 To their false perspectives his Fate he owes,  
 The spots ith' Glas, not in the Star it shows.  
 Yet when by the Imperial Sentence doom'd, *Signall'd of all his*  
 The Royal Hand the Princely Youth unplum'd, *phases*  
 He his hard Fate without a Murmur took,  
 And stood with that Calm, Dureous, Humble look.  
 Of all his shining Honours unarray'd;  
 Like *Isaac's* Head on *Abrahams* Altar lay'd.  
 Yes, *Absolom*, thou hast him in the Toyl,  
 Ristled, and lost; now Triumph in the Spoil.  
 His Zeal too high for *Israels* Temples soar'd,  
 His God-like Youth by prostrate Hearts ador'd,  
 Till thy Revenge from Spight and Fear began,  
 And too near Heaven took Care to make him Man.  
 Though *Israels* King, God, Laws, share all his Soul,  
 Adorn'd with all that Heroes can enrol,  
 Yet Vow'd Successions cruel Sacrifice,  
 Great *Judah's* Son like *Yephthas* Daughter dies.  
 Yes, like a Monument of Wrath he stands;  
 Such Ruine *Absoloms* Revenge demands;  
 His Custom his Doom assign'd;  
 For 'twas a Crime of as destructive Kind,  
 To pry how *Babylons* Burning Zeal aspires,  
 As to look back on *Sodom's* blazing Fires.  
 But spoyl'd, and rob'd, his droffier Glories gone,  
 His Virtue ~~but~~ his Truth are still his own.  
 No rifling Hands can that bright Treasure take,  
 Nor all his Foes that Royal Charter shake.

The dreadful *It* For their Engines must subdye,  
 The strongest Rock through which their Arts must hew, *Let shafts be in*  
 Was great *Barzillai*: could they reach his Head,  
 Their Fears all hush'd, they had strook Danger dead.

That

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That second *Moses*-Guide resolv'd to free  
 Our *Israel* from her threatenng Slavery,  
 Idolatry and Chains; both from the Rods  
 Of *Pharoh*-Masters, and *Egyptian* Gods:  
 And from that Wilderness of Errour freed,  
 Where Dogstars scorch, and killing Serpents breed:  
 That *Israels* Liberty and Truth may grow,  
 The *Canaan* whence our Milk and Honey flow.  
 Such our *Barzillai*; but *Barzillai* too,  
 With *Moses* Fate does *Moses* Zeal pursue:  
 Leads to that Bliss which his own Silver Hairs  
 Shall never reach, Rich onely to his Heirs.  
 Kind Patriot, who to plant us Banks of Flow'rs,  
 With purling Streams, cool Shades, and Summer Bow'rs,  
 His Ages needful Rest away does fling,  
 Exhausts his Autumn to adorn our Spring:  
 Whilst his last hours in Toyls and Storms are hurl'd,  
 And onely to enrich th'inheriting World.  
 Thus prodigally throws his Lifes short span,  
 To play his Countries generous Pelican. *yt Asciam pay 1st 16*  
 But oh, that all-be-devill'd Paper, fram'd, *be found in his clark.*  
 No doubt, in Hell; that Mass of Treason damn'd;  
 By *Esa's* Hands, and *Jacobs* Voice disclos'd;  
 And timely to th' Abhorring World expos'd.  
 Nay, what's more wondrous, this wast-paper Tool,  
 A nameless, unsubscrib'd, and useless scrawl,  
 Was, by a Politician great in Fame,  
 (His Chains foreseen a Month before they came)  
 Preserv'd on purpose, by his prudent care,  
 To brand his Soul, and ev'n his Life ensnare.  
 But then the *Geshuritish* Troop, well-Oath'd, *yt Drish Evidence*  
 And for the sprucer Face, well-fed, and Cloath'd. *as him.*  
 These to the Bar Obedient Swearers go,  
 With all the Wind their manag'd Lungs can blow.  
 So have I seen from Bellows brazen Snout,  
 The Breath drawn in, and by th'same Hand squeez'd out.  
 But helping Oaths may innocently fly,  
 When in a Faith where dying Vows can lye.  
 Were Treason and Democracie his Ends,  
 Why wast not prov'd by his Revolting Friends?  
 Why did not th'Oaths of his once-great Colleagues,  
*Achitophel* and the rest prove his Intreagues?

Why



Why at the Bar appear'd such sordid scum,  
 And all those Nobler Tongues of Honour dumb?  
 Could he his Plots this great Allies conceal;  
 He durst to leaky Starving Wretches tell;  
 Such Ignorant Princes, and such knowing Slaves;  
 His Babel building Tools from such poor Knaves.  
 Were he that Monster his new Foes would make  
 Thunreasoning World beleive, his Soul so black,  
 That they in Conscience did his Side forego,  
 Knowing him guilty they could prove him so.  
 Then 'twas not Conscience made 'em change their side.  
 Or if they knew, yet did his Treasons hide;  
 In not exposing his detested Crime,  
 They're greater Monsters than they dare think him.  
 Are these the Protestants renown'd so high,  
 Converts to Duty, Honour, Loyalty?  
 Poorly they change, who in their change stand mute;  
 Converts to Truth ought Falsehood to confute.  
 To conquering Truth, they but small glory give,  
 Who turn to God, yet let the Dragon live.

But who can *Amiel's* charming Wit withstand, *Duke of Buckingham.*  
 The great State-pillar of the Muses Land.  
 For lawless and ungovern'd, had the Age  
 The Nine wild Sisters seen run mad with Rage,  
 Debaucht to Savages, till his keen Pen  
 Brought their long banisht Reason back again,  
 Driven by his Satyres into Natures Fence,  
 And lasht the idle Rovers into Sense.  
 Nay, his sly Muse, in Style Prophetick, wrot  
 The whole Intrigue of *Israels* Ethnick Plot;  
 Form'd strange Battalions, in stupendious-wise,  
 Whole Camps in Masquerade, and Armies in disguise.  
*Amiel*, whose generous Gallantry, whilst Fame  
 Shall have a Tongue, shall never want a Name.  
 Who, whilst his Pomp his lavish Gold consumes,  
 Moults his Wings to lend a Throne his Plumes,  
 Whilst an Ungrateful Court he did attend,  
 Too poor to pay, what it had pride to spend.

But, *Amiel* has, alas, the fate to hear,  
 An angry Poet play his Chronicler;

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A Poet rais'd above ~~Objections~~ Shade,  
 By his Recorded ~~Verse~~ ~~Immortal~~ made.  
 But, Sir, his livelier Figure to engrave,  
 With Branches added to the ~~Bay~~ you gave:  
 No Muse could ~~more~~ ~~Henry~~ ~~Deas~~ rehearse,  
 Had with an equal ~~all~~ ~~applauding~~ Verse,  
 Great *David's* ~~Scepter~~ and ~~Saul's~~ Javelin prais'd:  
 A Pyramide to ~~his~~ ~~Shrine~~, Interest, rais'd.  
 For which Religiously no Change he mist,  
 From Common-wealth ~~man~~ up to Royalist:  
 Nay, would ~~have~~ ~~been~~ his own ~~lost~~ thing call'd Priest.  
 Priest, whom with ~~so~~ ~~much~~ Call he does describe,  
 'Cause once unworthy thought of *Levies* Tribe.  
 Near those ~~bright~~ ~~spots~~ where Art has Wonders done,  
 Where *David's* fight glads the blest Summers Sun;  
 And at his feet proud *Jordans* Waters run;  
 A Cell there ~~found~~ by ~~Pious~~ Founders rais'd,  
 Both for its Wealth and Learned *Robbins* prais'd:  
 To this did an Ambitious Bird aspire,  
 To be no less than Lord of that blest Quire:  
 Till Wisdom deem'd so Sacred a Command,  
 A Prize too ~~great~~ for his unskillow'd Hand.  
 Besides, lewd Fame had ~~been~~ his plighted Vow,  
 To *Laura's* cooing Love perch on a drooping Bough  
*Laura* in faithful ~~constancy~~ ~~contin'd~~  
 To *Ethiops* Envoy, and to all Mankind.  
*Laura* though Rotten, yet of Mold Divine;  
 He had all her Claps, and She had all his Coine.  
 Her Wit so far his Purse and Sense could drain,  
 Till every ~~Pox~~ was sweeten'd to a Strain.  
 And if at last his Nature can reform,  
 A weary grown of ~~Loves~~ tumultuous storm,  
 'Tis Ages Fault, not His; or power bereft,  
 He le. ft not Whoring, but of that was left.

But wandring ~~man~~ ~~his~~ thy flagging Wing:  
 To thy more glorious Theme return, and sing  
 Brave *Jothams* Worth, ~~Impartial~~, Great, and Just,  
 Of unbrib'd Faith, and of unshaken Trust:  
 Once *Geshurs* Lord, their Throne so nobly fill'd,  
 As if to th' borrow'd Scepter that he held,

Thin-



Th'inspiring *David* yet more generous grew,  
 And lent him his Imperial *Genius* too.  
 Nor has he worn the Royal Image more  
 In *Israels* Viceroy, than *Embassador* :  
 Witness his Gallantry that resolute hour,  
 When to uphold the Sacred Pride of Pow'r,  
 His stubborn Flags from the *Sydonian* shore,  
 The angry storms of Thundring Castles bore.  
 But these are Virtues *Fame* must less admire,  
 Because deriv'd from that Heroick Sire,  
 Who on a Block a dauntless Martyr dy'd,  
 With all the Sweetness of a Smiling Bride;  
 Charm'd with the Thought of Honours Starry Pole,  
 With Joy laid down a Head to mount a Soul.

Of all the Champions rich in Honours Scars,  
 Whose Loyalty through *David's* ancient Wars,  
 (In spite of the triumphant Tyrants pride,)  
 Was to his lowest Ebb of Fortune ty'd;  
 No link more strong in all that Chain of Gold,  
 Than *Antioch*, the Constant, and the Bold. *Handwritten*  
 That Warlike General whose avenging Sword,  
 Through all the Battles of his Royal Lord,  
 Pour'd all the Fires that Loyal Zeal could light,  
 No brighter Star in the lost *David's* night.

*Antioch* with Laurels *Asburs* Brows adorn,  
 That mangled Brave, who with *Tyres* Thunder torn,  
 Brought a dismember'd Load of Honour home,  
 And lives to make both th'Earth and Sea his Tomb.

With Reverence the Religious *Helon* treat, *East of Bedford*  
 Refin'd from all the loosens of the Great.  
*Helon* will to his Line of Virtues run  
 Beyond the Center of his Grave, his own  
 Unfinisht Luster sparkling in his Son.  
 A Son so high in Sacerdants renown'd, *Handwritten*  
 In *Israels* Intrest strong, in Sense profound.  
 Under one Roof here Truth & Goddess dwells,  
 The Pious Father builds her Shrines and Cells,  
 And in the Son she speaks her Oracles. *Handwritten*

In

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In the same list young *Adriels* praise record,  
*Adriel* the Academick Neighbour Lord;  
*Adriel* ennobled by a Grandfather,  
 And Uncle, both those Glorious Sons of War:  
 Both Generals, and both Exiles with their Lord:  
 Till with the Royal Wanderer restored,  
 They lived to see his Coronation Pride;  
 Then surfeiting on too much Transport dy'd.  
 O're *Adriels* Head these Heroes Spirits shine,  
 His Soul with so much Loyal Blood sent'd in;  
 Such Native Virtues his great Mind adorn,  
 Whilst under their congenial Influence born.

In this Record let *Cannice* Name appear, (at *Howard's* *Black*.)  
 The Great *Barzillai's* Fellow Sufferer;  
 From unknown Hands, of unknown Crimes accus'd,  
 Till th' hunted Shadow lost, his Chains unloos'd.

Now to the Sweet-tong'd *Amans* praise be just,  
 Once the *State's* *Adorn*, that Wealthy Trust, *for 20th June*  
 Till Flattery the price of dear-bought Gold, *at Howard's*  
 His Innocence for Pallaces unfold,  
 To Naked Truths more shining Beauties true,  
 Th' Embroider'd Mantle from his Neck he threw.

Next *Hothbriel* write, *Baals* watchful Foe, and late *for Robt. Taylor*  
*Jerusalem's* protecting Magistrate;  
 Who, when false *Jurors* were to Frenzy Charm'd, *for Patrick Ward*  
 And against Innocence even Tribunals arm'd,  
 Saw deprav'd Justice ope her Ravenous jaw,  
 And timely broke her Canine Teeth of Law.

Amongst th' *Astetters* of his Countries Cause,  
 Give the bold *Micah* his deserv'd Applause, *for William's*  
 The Grateful Sanedrim's repeated Choice, *for John's*  
 Of Three Great Councils the Successive Voice.  
 Of that hardy Tribe of *Israel* borne,  
 Fear their Disdain, and Flattery their Scorne,  
 Too proud to buckle, and too Tough to bend.

Of the same Tribe was *Heben*, *Itberans* Friend, *for William's*  
 From that fam'd Sire, the Long Robes Glory, sprung, *for*  
 In Sanedrim's his Countries Pillar long;

Long

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Long had he fathom'd all the Depths of State ;  
 Could with that strength, that ponderous Sense debate, }  
 As turn'd the Scale of Nations with the weight :  
 Till subleity made by Spightful Honour Great,  
 Prefer'd to *Israels* Chief Tribunal Seat, *made D. Chancell.*  
 Made in a higher Orb his Beams dispense,  
 To hush his Formidable Eloquence.

But *Israels* numerous Worthies are too long  
 And Great a Theam for one continued Song.  
 Yet These by bold flagitious Tongues run down,  
 Made all Conspirers against *Dauids* Crown.

Nay, and there was a Time, had Hell prevail'd,  
 Nor Perjury and Subornation fail'd, *yt meal sub*  
 When a long List of Names, for Treason doom'd, *plot:*  
 Had *Israels* Patriots in one Grave entomb'd:  
 A List, with such fair Loyal Colours laid,  
 Even to no less than Royal Hands convey'd.  
 And the great Mover in this pious Fraud, *dangerfield.*  
 A Dungeon Slave redeem'd by a Midnight Bawd: *mn licker.*  
 Then made by Art a Swearer of Renown,  
 Nurst and embrac'd by th'Heir of *Judahs* Crown :  
 Encourag'd too by Pension for Reward,  
 With his forg'd Scrowls-for Guileless Blood prepar'd.  
 Poor Engine for a greatness so sublime :  
 But oh, a Cause by which their *Baal* must climb,  
 Ennobles both the Actor and the Crime. }

Yet This, and all Things else now quite blown o're,  
 And *Absolom*, his *Israels* Fear no more :  
 Lustre and Pride shall hem his radiant Brow ;  
 All Knees shall fall, and prostrate Nations bow.  
 By Heav'ns, he is, he will, he must, he shall  
 Be *Israels* Heroe, Friend, Saint, Idol, all.  
 What though provok'd with all the crying sins  
 Of Murmuring Slaves, excluding Sanedrins:  
 By profane Crowds in dirt his Prophets spurn'd,  
 And ev'n his Gods in mock Processions burn'd :  
 Himself from *Israel* into *Hebron* sent,  
 And doom'd to little less than Banishment.





In spight of all his Scrowls to *Babylon* ;  
 And all the promis'd Wonders to be done,  
 When *Egypt's* Frogs should croak on *Judah's* Throne.  
 Though of a Faith that propagates in Blood ;  
 Of Passions unforgiving, less withstood  
 Then Seas and Tempesta, and as Deaf as they.  
 Yet all Divine shall be his Godlike Sway,  
 And his calm Reign but one long *Halcyon* Day.  
 And this Great Truth he's damn'd that dares deny ;  
 'Gainst *Absalom* even Oracles would lye ;  
 Though Sense and Reason Preach 'tis Blasphemy.  
 Then let our dull Mistaken Terror cease,  
 When even our Comets speak all Health and Peace.

**FINIS.**

# ERRATA

THE Reader is desired to Correct the following Mistakes. Page 1. line 12. for *shall*, read *will*;  
 p. 4. l. 22. r. *Ships*; *ibid.* l. 26. for *Kind's*, r. *King's*; *ibid.* l. 32. f. the *Mighty*; *ibid.* l. 37. for  
 they r. thus; p. 7. l. 18. for *poor*, r. *wake*; p. 9. l. 3. & 4. for his r. a; l. 6. for the, r. ye; *ibid.* l. 30. r.  
*Wally*, the *Billows* pour; p. 12. l. 22. for *that's* r. *that's*; p. 13. l. 27. for *to's* r. *the's*; p. 22. l. 22. *Excluding*.